



Glen. 171.^a

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The * Glen 1710
British Musical Miscellany,
or, the
Delightful Grove:

Being a Collection of Celebrated
English, and Scotch Songs,
By the best Masters.
Set for the Violin, German
Flute, the Common Flute,
and Harpsicord.

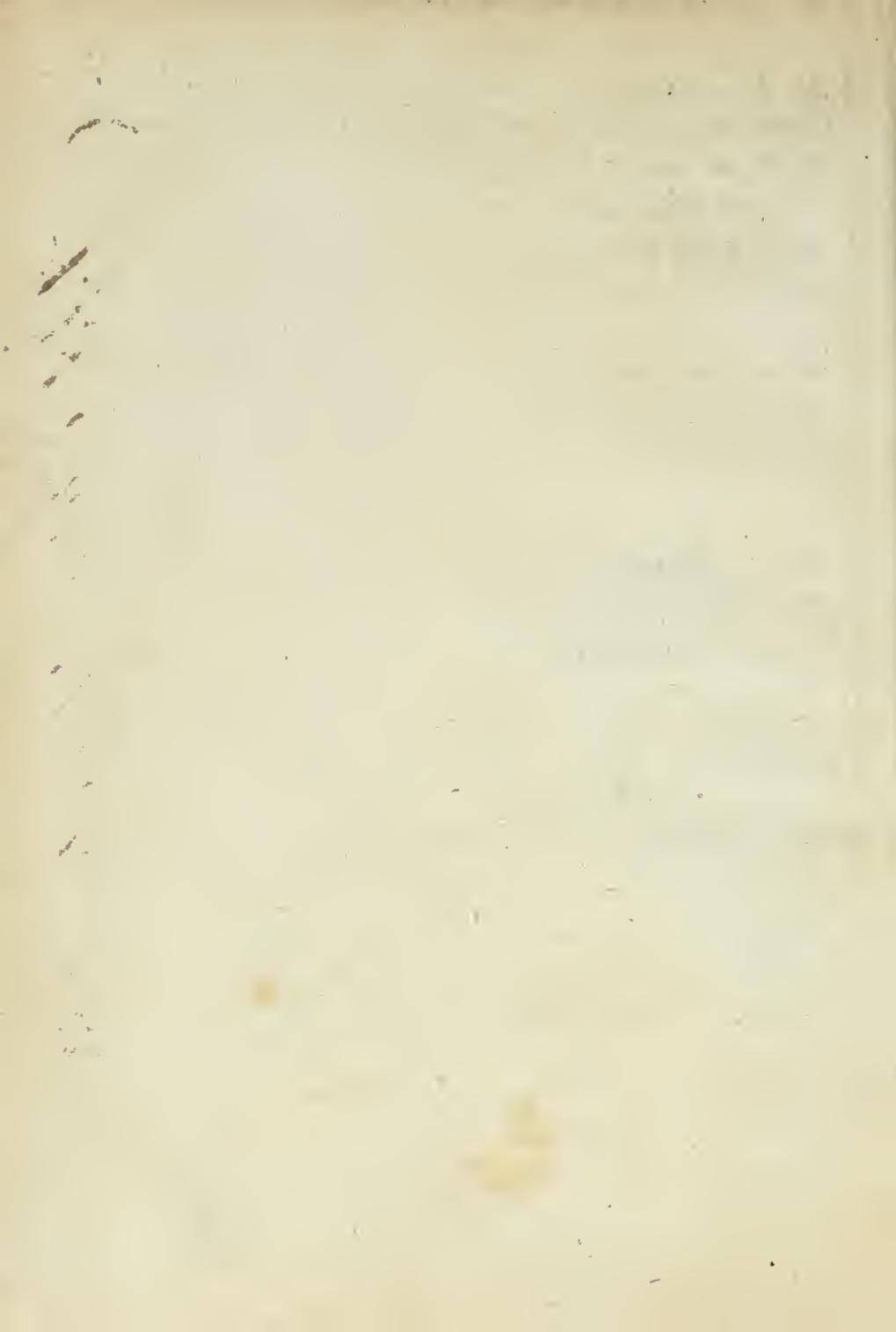
VOL. III.

Engraven in a fair Character, and
Carefully Corrected.

London. Printed for & Sold by I. Walsh, Musick Printer,
& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N° 542.

Where may be had just Publish'd. Apollo's Feast, contain-
ing 400 celebrated Songs for Voices and Instruments;
Collected from all M^r. Handel's Operas, in 4 Vol.





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A Favourite AIRE by MR. HANDEL in PASTOR FIDO.

BEAUTEOUS Nymph.

far hence be gone, and take those fatal Charms away; Too much

harm, e'en now they've done, and I am lost if you shou'd

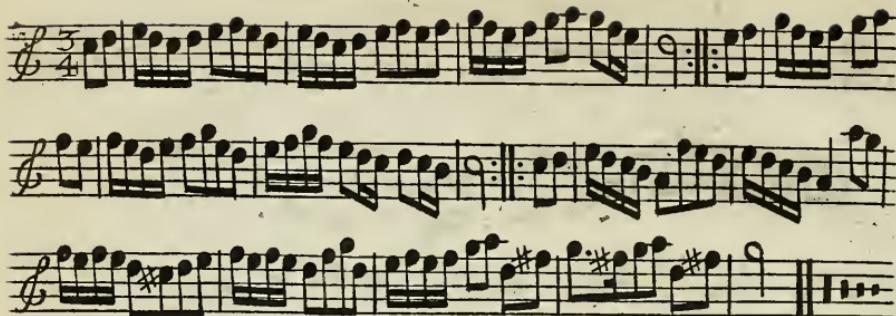
ftay.

That

tempting Eye, bewitching Air, my too unwar-ry heart en-

share. Oh! if you love me, then forbear; Oh! then forbear.

F L U T E .



Bonny JEAN.

LOVE's Goddess in a Myrtle Grove, Said CUPID, bend thy Bow with speed, Nor

let the Shaft at random rove, For JEANY's haughty Heart must bleed.

The smiling Boy with divine Art, From PAPHOS shot an Arrow keen, Which

flew, unerring, to the Heart, And kill'd the Pride of bonny JEAN.

No more the Nymph, with haughty Air,
 Refuses WILLY's kind Adress;
 Her yielding Blushes shew no Care,
 But too much Fondness to suppress.
 No more the Youth is sullen now,
 But looks the gayest on the Green,
 Whilst every Day he spies some new
 Surprising Charms in bonny JEAN.

A thousand Transports croud his Breast,
 He moves as light as fleeting Wind.
 His former Sorrows seem a Jest,
 Now when his JEANY is turn'd kind:
 Riches he looks on with disdain,
 The glorious Fields of War look mean;
 The cheerful Hound and Horn give Pain,
 If absent from his bonny JEAN.

The Day he spends in am'rous Gaze,
 Which ev'n in Summer shortned seems;
 When sunk in Downs, with glad Amaze,
 He wonders at her in his Dreams.
 All Charms disclos'd, she looks more bright
 Than TROY's Prize, the SPARTAN Queen,
 With breaking Day, he lifts his Sight,
 And pants to be with bonny JEAN.

F L U T E .



The EXPOSTULATION.

TELL me, CHLOE, why you fly me. Nature meant thee
ever kind: Form'd thee Fair as Love's own Mother,
Prithee, like her, form thy Mind.

Taste those joys, all joys surpassing,
Which are found in Lover's Arms;
Cease to scorn him who adores you,
And surrender all your Charms.

Least the Boy, urg'd by his Mother,
In great rage revenge my pain.
And CHLOE made to love another,
Who returns her cold disdain.

F L U T E.

Adagio e Piano.

Andante.

MYRA, MYRA, MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,
 Too long your scorn I've prov'd, your scorn I've prov'd, too long your scorn, your
 scorn I've prov'd. MYRA no more beguile, under that treach'rous smile,
 too long your scorn I've prov'd, under that treach'rous smile, too long, too long y
 scorn I've prov'd. Sym.
 Love with thy pow'rful sway, in some uncommon way, revenge that killing Pride,

Love, let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd, Love with thy
 pow'ful fway, in some uncommon way, revenge her killing Pride,
 let her thy rage a-bide, and die like me unlov'd. Da Capo.

A LOVER's Excuse for his INCONSTANCY.

No more my dear SILVIA, tell me I rove, I'm constant you know to y^e
 Great God of Love; To Love I am fworn, to Love I am true, and follow his

7

dictates as Lovers shou'd do, But if CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, if

CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too, I must do so too, I must do so too.

too, If CUPID turns Rover, I must do so too.

From Beauty, to Beauty, the wanderer flies,
And still with new Charms his Quiver supplies;
When from a new Beauty, he takes a fresh Dart,
The Eyes that supply him, soon pierce to my Heart.
But if CUPID, &c.

From CHLOE, BELINDA, and AMORET's Charms,
To PHILLIS, and DELIA, and CLORIS's Arms,
I follow'd the God till he led me to you,
And as he leads on, thus I still must pursue.
But if CUPID, &c.

FLUTE.

A Song on the Prince & Princess of Orange.

NASSAU prepares for Martial Toils, Another Labour waits the Fair.

Oh! in their first Campaign ye Pow'rs, Assist the unexperienc'd Pair: Protect, while

Deaths around him fly, Her pangs with swift companion view.

That he old Heroes may out vie, And she present a race of new.

FLUTE.

Sung by Mrs. CLIVE at the THEATRE in DRURY LANE.

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

Sheet music for a musical piece. The music is written in five staves, each with a different key signature and time signature. The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below the notes. The first staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and an F# key signature. The lyrics are: "CROWDS of". The second staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and an A key signature. The lyrics are: "Coxcombs thus deluding Oglung Chatt'ring Cringing". The third staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a C# key signature. The lyrics are: "Flatt'ring By Coquettting and by Pruding all are Victims". The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a C# key signature. The lyrics are: "to my Art. While at will the fools I'm lead-ing they be-". The fifth staff starts with a treble clef, a common time signature, and a C# key signature. The lyrics are: "lieving I de-ceiving With fond hopes themselves they're feeding". The sixth staff begins with a bass clef, a common time signature, and a C# key signature. The lyrics are: "ARLEQUIN has all my Heart - - - ARLEQUIN has all my Heart". The music concludes with a final staff in a common time signature and a C# key signature, ending with a repeat sign and the lyrics "ARLEQUIN has all my Heart".

CROWDS of

Coxcombs thus deluding Oglung Chatt'ring Cringing

Flatt'ring By Coquettting and by Pruding all are Victims

to my Art. While at will the fools I'm lead-ing they be-

lieving I de-ceiving With fond hopes themselves they're feeding

ARLEQUIN has all my Heart - - - ARLEQUIN has all my Heart.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. SMITH.

WHEN absent from the Nymph I love, I'd fain shake
 off the Chains I wear; But whilst I strive these to re-
 move, More fetters I'm oblig'd to bear.

tr

My Captiv'd fancy Day and Night,
 Fairer, and fairer represents,
 BELLINDA form'd for dear delight,
 But cruel cause of my complaints.

All day I wander thro' the Groves,
 And singing hear from ev'ry tree,
 The happy Birds chirping their loves,
 Happy compar'd with lonely me.

When gentle sleep, with balmy wings,
 To rest fans ev'ry weary'd wight,
 A thousand fears my fancy brings,
 That keep me watching all the night.

Sleep flies, while like the Goddess fair,
 And all the Graces in her train,
 With melting smiles, and killing air,
 Appears the cause of all my pain.

Awhile my mind delighted flies,
 O'er all her Sweets with thrilling joy,
 Whilst want of worth makes doubts arise,
 That all my trembling hopes destroy.

Thus while my thoughts are fix'd on her,
 I'm all o'er transport and desire;
 My pulse beats high, my cheeks appear
 All roses, and mine eyes all fire.

When to my self I turn my view,
 My veins grow chill, my cheeks look wan:
 Thus whilst my fears my pains renew,
 I scarcely look or move a Man.

F L U T E .

The musical score consists of two staves of music for flute. The top staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, along with rests. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. It also features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, along with rests.

Set by Mr. LAMPE.

MEN born on Earth like o - ther Brutes With scorn their creeping kind de -

FLUTE.

To SALINDA.

Sweet ELTHAM let the Dryads of thy Groves, Forgive my
malice and restore my Joy: Impatient o'er thy lawns my
En...vy roves, Till rais'd Resentment wou'd thy Charms destroy.

Why dost thou still divide my Soul and Me,
Soft as the breath of Spring, that fans thy Bow'rs,
Tell her, the Kings, who once were Lords of Thee,
With far more mercy, held Inferior Pow'rs.

Tell her, that Summer's past and Autumn fades:
And weak'ning Suns, unwilling lustre shed:
Tell her, Her Absence saddens life with shades;
And leaves all Sense, but that of Anguish Dead.

F L U T E .

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, featuring a mix of treble and bass clefs. The key signature changes between F major (one sharp), C major (no sharps or flats), and G major (one sharp). The lyrics are integrated into the music, appearing below each staff. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The third staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The fifth staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of no sharps or flats.

Dear CHLOE, while thus, beyond Measure, You treat me with.

Doubts and Disdain, You rob all your Youth of its Pleasure, And

hoard up an old Age of Pain: Your Maxim, that Love is still founded

On Charms that will quickly de...cay; You'll find to be very ill

grou...ded, When once you its Dictates o...bey.

The Love that from Beauty is drawn,
By kindness you ought to improve;
Soft looks and gay Smiles are the Dawn,
Fruition's the Sun-shine of Love!

And tho' the bright Beams of your Eyes
 Shou'd be clouded, that now are so gay,
 And Darkness posses all the Skies.
 We ne'er can forget it was Day.

Old DARBY with JOAN by his Side.
 You've often regarded with Wonder
 He's Dropfical, She is fore-ey'd,
 Yet they're ever uneasy asunder;
 Together they totter about,
 Or sit in the Sun at the Door,
 And at Night, when old DARBY's Pot's out,
 His JOAN will not smoke a Whiff more.

No Beauty nor Wit they posses,
 Their severall Failings to smother;
 Then, what are the Charms, can you guess,
 That make them so fond of each other?
 'Tis the pleasing Remembrance of Youth,
 The Endearments which Youth did bestow,
 The Thoughts of past Pleasure and Truth,
 The best of our Blessings below.

Those Traces for ever will last,
 No Sicknes, or Time can remove;
 For when Youth and Beauty are past,
 And Age brings the Winter of Love:
 A Friendship insensibly grows,
 By Reviews of such Raptures as these,
 The Current of Fondnes still flows,
 Which decrepit old Age cannot freeze.

F L U T E .

The musical score consists of three staves of handwritten notation for flute. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a 'C' key signature, and a common time signature (indicated by a '3'). The second staff begins with a bass clef and a 'G' key signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a 'D' key signature. The notation includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having vertical dashes through them. There are also several grace notes indicated by small 'tr' symbols above certain notes. The music concludes with a final cadence and a repeat sign.

A SONG Set by Mr. MARTIN SMITH.

TEN Years, like TROY, my stubborn Heart, Withstood th' af-
 fault of fond Desire; But now a-las! I feel the smart, Poor
 I. like TROY, am set on fire.

With Care we may a Pile secure,
 And from all common Sparks defend;
 But oh! who can a House secure,
 When the Cœlestial flames descend.

Thus was I safe, 'till from your Eyes,
 Destructive fires are brightly given:
 Ah! who can shun the warm surprise,
 When lo! the Light'ning comes from Heav'n.

F L U T E.

A SONG the words by MR. IERSEY. sett by MR. GLADWIN.

17

When charming Clo-e gently Walk's or sweetly -
 smiles or Gayly talks No Goddess can with her com -
 pare so sweet's her look so soft Her Air

In whom so many Charms are plac'd

In with a mind as Nobly Grac'd ::||::

With sparkling Wit with solid sense

And soft Perswasive Eloquence

In frameing her Divinely Fair

Natures Employ'd her utmost care ::||::

That we in Cloe's form shou'd find

A *Venius* with Minerva's Mind

LOCHABER for 2 Voices

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Lean* where heartfome with

Farewell to *Lochaber* and farewell my *Lean* where heartfome with

thee I have mony Day been for *Lochaber* no more *Lochaber* no

thee I have mony Day been for *Lochaber* no more . no

more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These

more we'll may be return to *Lochaber* no more These

Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the

Tears that I shed they are a for my Dear and no for the

dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough

dangers attending on Weir Tho' bore on rough

Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...

Seas to a far Bloody Shore may be to re...

turn to *Lochaber* no more

turn to *Lochaber* no more

Tho Hurricanes rise and rise ev'ry Wind
 They'll ne'er make a Tempest like that in my Mind
 Tho loudest of Thunder on louder Waves roar
 That's nathing like leaveing my love on the shore
 To leave thee be hind me my Heart is fair pain'd
 By Ease that's inglorious no fame can be gain'd.
 And Beauty and Love's the Reward of the Brave
 And I must deserve it before I can crave

Then Glory my *Teany* maun plead my Excuse
 Since Honour commands me how can I refuse.
 Without it I ne'er can have Merit for thee
 And without thy Favour I'd better not be
 I gaethen my Lafs to win Honour and fame
 And if that I should luck to come Glorioufly hame
 I'll bring a Heart to thee with Love running o'er
 And then I'll leave thee and *Lochaber* no more

A Civil Truth The Words by MR MANLY

With Unaffected Air and Grace
 You shine the Queen of Love
 Compleat your Shape with Angels face.
 A Mistress fit for Love.

Great Love a God by all Confeit
 O'er power'd by Danaes Charms
 A Tempting shower dropt on her Breast
 And Melted in her Arms

He swell'd his Pleasures thus Inspir'd
 Undoubtedly to Prove
 That Gods themselves with Passions fir'd
 Are Epicures in Love

If thus the God cou'd change his shape In
 In Masquerade to Kifs
 Let us his Godship Imitate
 And take a leading bliss

A SONG Compos'd by MR LAMPE

I'll
 Court the fair Idols no more to Comply if long on my knees I must.
 plead Nor from their refusals Conclude I must Die conclude I must
 Die but think I shall sooner succeed succeed but think I shall sooner suc-
 ceed I'll Let th'insipid Lover his passion discover by his
 sight and his languishing Eyes to my Charmer I'll

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go where a Whisper a Whisper or so makes way to the .

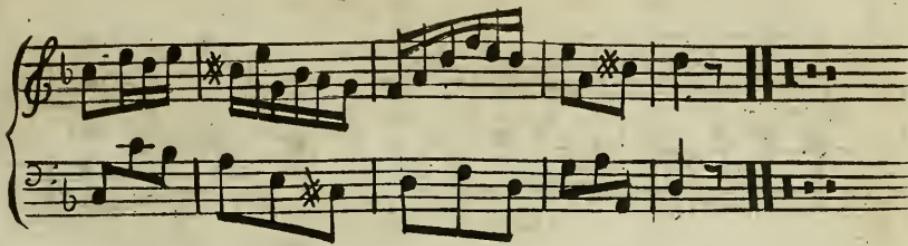
Fountain where pleasures Arise makes way to the fountain where

pleasures where pleaf -

fures where pleasures Arife makes .

way to the fountain the fountain where pleasure arise where

pleasures where pleasures arise.



Sung by MR CLIVE in TIMON in LOVE by MR LAMPE.

From the Age of fifteen we Women 'tis true have Husbands or

Lovers or both in our View If we dres[s] and look Gay at the

Court or the Play 'tis as much as to say We went but for

Asking to give all a way

Ye Gentle Gales A SONG

Ye Gentle Gales that fan the Air and Wanton in the
 Flow'ry Grove Oh whisper to my Absent fair my secret
 pain my endless love

And at the breezy close of Day
 When she does seek soom cool retreat
 Throw Spicy odours in her way
 And scatter Roses at her feet

That when she fees their colour fade
 And all their pride neglected lye
 Let ihe instruct the lovely maid
 That sweets not gather'd timely Dye

An when she lays her down to rest
 Let some Ambitious Visions show
 Who'tis that loves *Camilla* best
 And what for her I undergo

On PRINCESS AMELIA.

Set by Dr. GREENE.

YE Nymphs of BATH, prepare the Lay. Why, why are you so
flow to Pay? A-ME-LIA claims the Song: But if you fear to
strong your Cause, Go bor-row from the Croud ap-
plause, And rob the Publick Tongue.

Sweet as her softly-flowing Name,
Sweet is AMELIA's rising Fame;
And as her virtue, Great:
Attend, ye Nymphs, the fav'rite found,
And what from Shore to Shore goes round,
Let AVON's Banks repeat.

See, see, and sure you can no less,
See how the thronging People press!
Who, dwelling on her Face,
Cry, is she then of BRUNSWICK's Line?
Are, all like Her, are all Divine?
And blest the Royal Race.

Encircled by our British Fair,
The Boast of Nature and her Care!

AMELIA charms alone;
And will it not your Ear amaze,
To hear ev'n vanquish'd Beauty praise,
And Pride to be out-shone?

But chief, our Youthful Heroes trace,
While humbly on that Form they gaze,
And tell us their surprise!
Yet how, ye Nymphs, can that be said?
No, no; let's be content to read
Their wonder in their Eyes.

F L U T E .



The DIFFIDENT LOVER.

The musical score for "The Diffident Lover" consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by a 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time (indicated by a 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the notes:

WHEN CLOE was by DA-MON seen, What Heart cou'd be un-
mov'd? She look'd so like the Cyprian Queen, He gaz'd, ad-mir'd,

lov'd: He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain, And full of grief and
 Care. He knew he never cou'd obtain The lovely, charming
 fair, the lovely, charming fair.

CLOE deserv'd a better Swain;
 He, not so fair a Bride:
 Yet still he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
 He lov'd, despair'd, and dy'd;
 Take pity, then, thou charming Maid,
 For CLOE's case is thine;
 I dare not ask, so much I dread —
 Must DAMON's fate be mine?

F L U T E.

HYMEN in CHAINS.

YOUNG STREPHON, who, through ev'ry Grove, Had chas'd the
 fleeting God of Love; Met HYMEN, once, who cro'sd his
 Joy. And chain'd the am'rous cap-tive Boy.

Happy the Swains, who only stray
 Where Love and Pleasure lead the way;
 Where HYMEN's Arts can never move,
 And Love receives no tie but Love.

F L U T E .

AH! SYREN charmer, turn a-gain, You hide your face from
me, in vain. Already I've receiv'd my fate, And now, to save me,
'tis too late, And now, to save me, 'tis too late.

The love, that darted from your eyes,
My heart has taken, by surprise:
And, tho' you turn, and fly away,
He'll revel here, both night and day.

Alas! nor stratagem, nor force,
Can, from my breast, his pow'r divorce.
No claim of yours, on him, can be
So strong, as that he owns from me.

What is his shadow, in your sight,
But like the scatter'd beams of light?
His substance, in my bosom, dwells,
Like fire, that scatter'd light excells.

F L U T E.

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Sym.

6 6 66 66 43 6 6 tr

GO, CU-PID flatt'rning Chit,

go tell my once lov'd fool I'm turn'd a Rover, CUPID, go CU-PID

flatt'rning Chit, more tell her (and 'tis fit) she'll be the ri-dicule of

ev'ry Lo-ver CU-PID,

tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-cule of ev'ry Lo-

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Sy. Sy.

ver, CU-PID tell her, more tell her she'll be the ri-di-

cule of ev'ry Lover.

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

* 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

Beauty, without discretion, when once it

5 4 3

palls the Passion, the Joke is o - - - - -

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

- - - - - ver, Beauty without discretion, when once it

6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

* 6 6 6 6 6 6 6 6

palls the Passion, the Joke is o - - - - - ver. Da Capo.

6 6 6 *

FLUTE.

The sheet music consists of 12 staves of musical notation for Flute. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes various dynamics such as 't' (tempo), '3 t' (three times tempo), and 'sv.' (sforzando). Performance instructions like 'Sy.' (Syncopation) and 'So.' (Sustaining note) are placed below specific notes or groups of notes. The notation includes sixteenth-note patterns, eighth-note chords, and various rhythmic figures. The music concludes with a repeat sign and the instruction 'Da Capo' at the bottom.

Da Capo

DIVINEST Fair, Oh ease my Care, And charm, and
 charm the fondest Swain; No longer fly, no more de-
 ny, Give Love, give Love for Love a-gain. No lon-
 ger fly no more de-ny give Love give Love, for
 Love again.

tr

Love's Conquering Dart,
 Has pierc'd my Heart,
 With all thy wond'rous Charms;
 Nor can I rest,
 Untill poffeſſ'd,
 Enfolded in thy Arms.

The ANSWER by Mr. MANLY.

Too easily
 Believing, we
 Are caught with fond Addreſs,
 Nor can we fly,
 Altho' we try,
 To ſhun all your finery.

Thus, Reaſon weak,
 By Paſſions pow'r,
 Incautiously we run,
 Into the Net.
 That's for us fet,
 Tho' ſure to be undone.

APOLLO, once finding fair DAPHNE alone, Discover'd his flame
 in a Passionate Tone; He told her, and bound it with many a Curse, He
 meant for to take her for Better for Worse: Then he talk'd of the
 Smart, and the hole in his Heart, So large one might drive thro' the
 passage a Cart. But the silly coy Maid, to the God's great amazement,
 Sprung away from his Arms, and leapt thro' the Casement.

He following, cry'd out, my Life, and my Dear,
 Return to your Lover, and lay by your fear:
 You think me, perhaps, some Scoundrel or Whoreson;
 Alas! I've no wicked Design on your Person.

I'm a God by my Trade,

Young, plump, and well made;
 Then let me careſt thee, and be not afraid.
 But still ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

I'm the chief of Physicians, and none of the College,
 Muſt be mention'd with me for Experience and Knowledge,
 Each Herb, Flower, and Plant by its name I can call,
 And do more than the best Seventh-Son of them all.

With my Powder and Pills,

I cure all the Ills.

That ſweep off ſuch numbers each week in the Bills;
 But still ſhe kept running, and flew like the Wind,
 While the poor purfy God came panting behind.

Besides, I'm a Poet, Child, into the Bargain,
 And top all the Writers of fam'd COVENT-GARDEN;
 I'm the Prop of the Stage, and the Patron of Wit;
 I Set my own Sonnets, and ſing to my Kit:

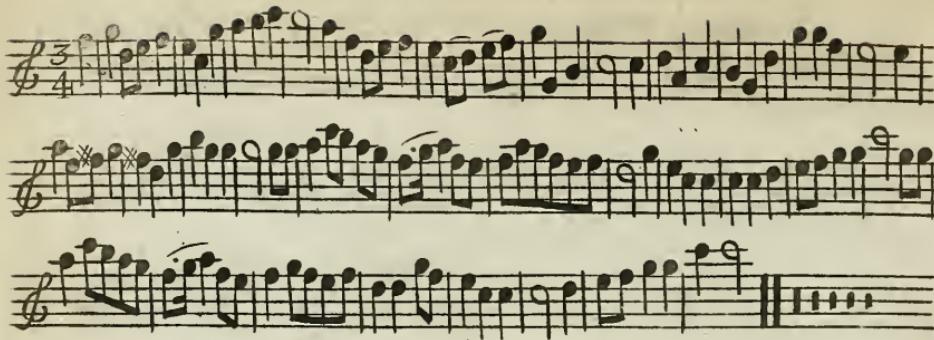
I'm at WILL's all the Day,

And each Night at the Play;

And Verſes I make fast as Hops, as they fay;
 When ſhe heard him talk thus, ſhe redoubled her speed,
 And flew like a Whore from a Conſtant freed.

Now had our wife Lover, (but Lovers are blind)
 In the Language of LOMBARD-STREET, told her his mind;
 Look, Lady, what here is, 'tis plenty of Money;
 Odsbobs, I muſt Kifs thee, my Joy and my Honey;
 I ſit next the Chair,
 And ſhall ſhortly be Mayor.

Neither CLAYTON, nor DUNCOMB, with me can compare,
 Tho' as wrinkled as PRIAM, as deform'd as the Devil,
 The God had ſucceeded, the Nymph had been civil.



SLEEPY BODY.

O SLEEPY Body, drowsy Body, wiltuna waken and turn thee: To drivel and

draunt, while I sigh and gaunt, gives me good reason to scorn' thee. When thou shouldst be

kind, thou turnst sleepy and blind, and snoters and snores far frae me, Wae.

light on thy face, the drowsy embrace is enough to gar me betray thee.

The music consists of four staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first staff starts with a treble clef, common time, and a key signature of one sharp. The second staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third staff starts with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes several trills (tr) and dynamic markings like 'p' (piano).

A SONG Compos'd by Mr. LAMPE.

A SONG Compos'd by Mr. LAMPE.

Piano

Piano

Forte

Farewel A-

Forte

Piano

MELIA love...ly Fair sweetest of thy Sex a...dieu sweetest

tr

of thy Sex a...dieu Farewel AMELIA lovely

VOL. III.

Fair love

ly fair sweetest sweetest

of thy Sex adieu a - dieu a - dieu sweet - est

of thy Sex a - dieu

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of eight systems of music, each with two staves. The top staff is for the voice and the bottom staff is for the piano. The key signature changes from G major to F major to D major throughout the piece. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "Angels take her to your care since she most resembles you since she most resembles you Angels take her to - - - your care since she most re-semblies you." The piano part features various chords, bass notes, and trills. The score is written on a single page with a large brace spanning all staves.

tr

tr

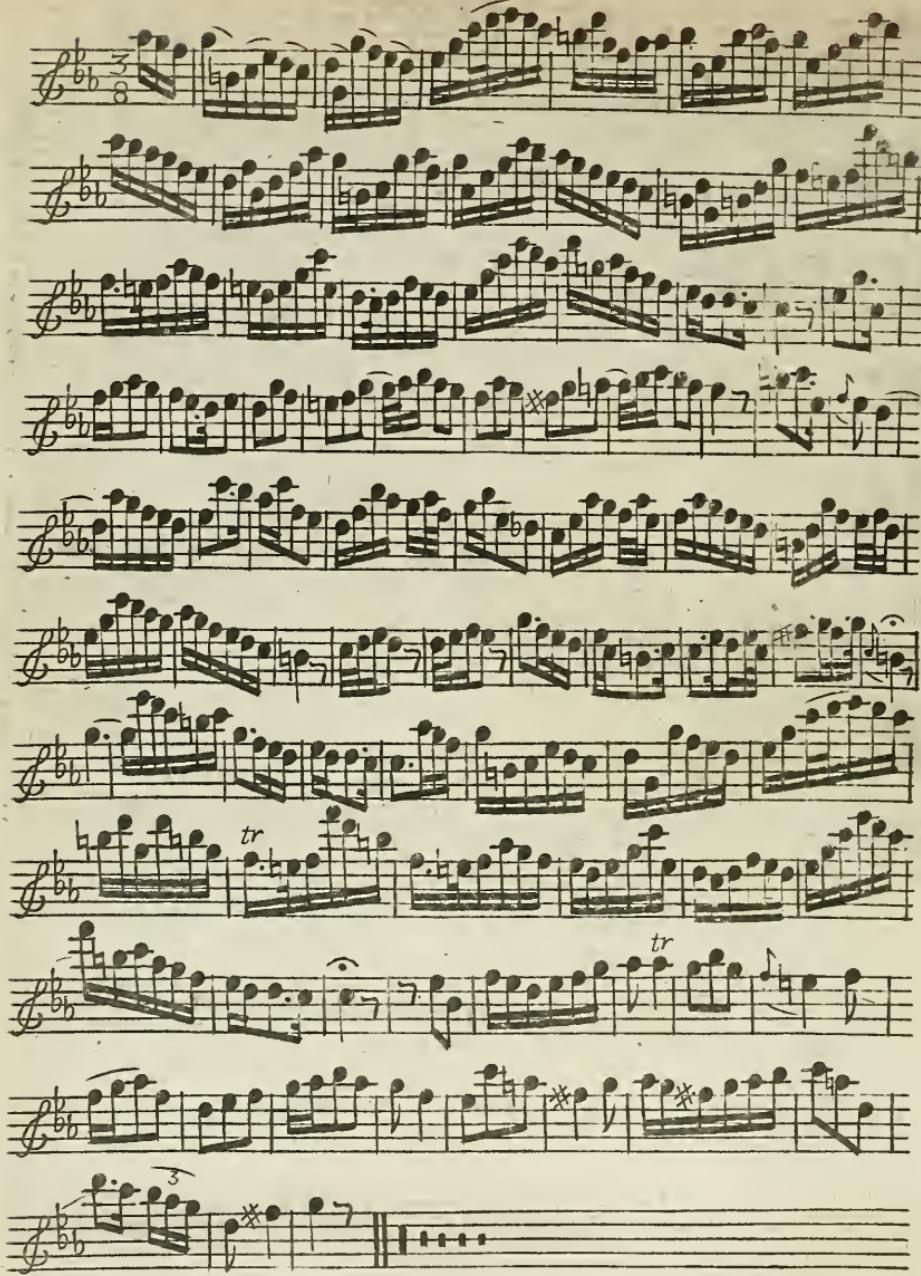
Angels take her

to your care since she most resem-bles you since she

most resem-bles you Angels take her to - - - your

care since she most re-semblies you. Da Capo

FLUTE.



Da Capo

The Wrangling LOVERS A Scotch Song

IOCKY and IENNY to Kirk went to gather, IOCKY took IENNY for the

term of her Life IOCKY and IENNY fell out for a Feather, IENNY blam'd

IOCKY and IOCKY his Wife IOCKY said this thing, and IENNY said

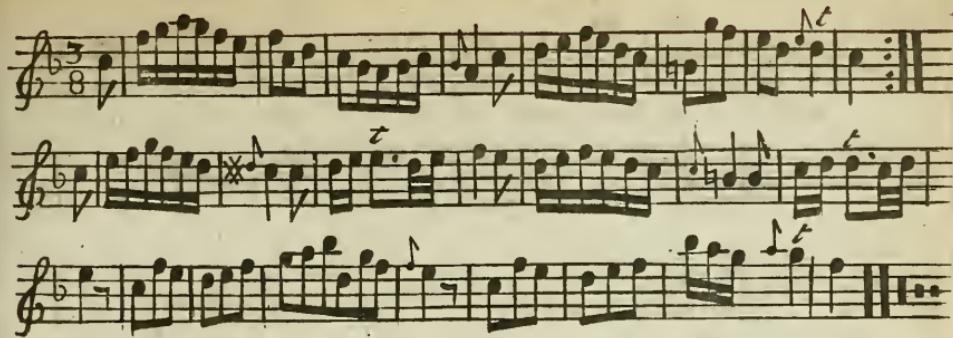
that and so they fell Arangling tho they knew not for What,

IOCKY said IENNY was grown a pert Hussy,
IENNY said IOCKY was a testy Old fool
With rangling and Jangling they Kept their tongues moving
IOCKY was Master but IENNY would rule
With Snarling and biting they both are grown Old
IOCKY a Nisey and IENNY S a Scold

The Happy Lover

Sheet music for 'The Happy Lover' featuring lyrics and musical notation. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes various clefs (G, F, C) and key signatures (F major, B-flat major). The lyrics are as follows:

Why does my Heart thus restless prove, What wou'd the
tedious trifler have. A lass I fear I'm sick of Love the
Fool is caught fair MYRA'S Slave. Great God of
Love to ease my Pains and cure those Ills too
late I find I beg not you wou'd break my Chains
but in the same my fair one bind.



The SPINNING LASS.

My Maid Mary she minds her Dairy While I go a howing and mowing each Morn round y little

Spinting Whel Merily runs the Reel Whilst I am singing a mong st y Corn, Cream and

Kisses is all my Delight She gives me then y dear Toys at N ight She is as soft as the Air

in y Morning fair I never saw Maiden more pleasing a night.

Whilst I whistle, she from the Thistle
 Does gather Roses to make our soft Bed,
 And then my little Love shall lye,
 All the Night long and Dye,
 In the dear Arms of her own dear Ned,
 There she shall taste of a delicate Spring,
 But I dare not tell you nor name the Thing,
 It will set you a wishing and think of kissing,
 For kissing cause sighs when Young Men should sing:

Thacks of Rushes and tops of Bushes,
 Shall thatch thy Roof and strew thy Flowr,
 O'er the little Hills and Dales:
 The pretty Nightingirls,
 Shall fly to us and shall neer be Poor,
 Little Lambkins when e'er they dye,
 Shall bequeath new Blankets to thee and I
 Our Quilts shall be Rofes while June exposes,
 So sweet and so soft my Dear Love shall lye.

Fountains pure shall be thy Ew'r
 To sproinkle Water upon thy fair Face:
 And the little Flock shall play,
 All the long summers Day
 Gently with Lambs to adorn that place,
 Then at Night we'll hie home to our Hive
 And like Bees enjoy all the sweets alive,
 We'll enjoy Loves Treasure And taste of Loves Pleasure,
 Whilst others for Fame and greatness strive.



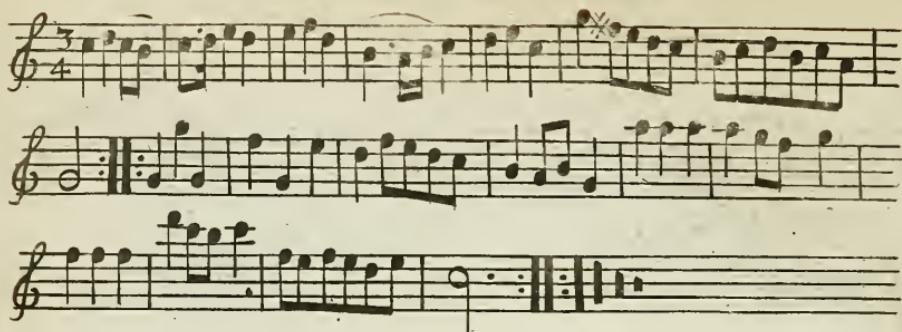
The flighted Swain set by MR HANDEL

Cloe proves false but still she is charming, Nature like Beauty her
 Temper has made, Subject to change, o're each Heart she will
 range, always alarming, ever disarming, never dismay'd.

Banish my fence or let her not flight me
 Love ne'er was made to inherit disdain

Love is a Bubble
 That gives Mankind trouble
 Reflecting Extacy
 Drops with the Simile
Airy and vain

Sure Venus gave her that Face to deceive me
 And gave the Boy but one Arrow would fly
 Haste to thy Mother
 And beg for another
 Cloe the Mark must be
 Make her to pity me
 Ere that I Dye



The Lady's Dream sett to Musick by S.G.

I Dream't I saw a Piteous sight, young Cupid Weeping lay;
until his Pretty Stars of light had wept themselves a way.

Methought I ask'd him why he wept,
Mere Pitty lead me on.
He deeply sigh'd, and then reply'd
Alas, I am undone!

As I beneath yon Mertle lay,
Close by Diana's springs,
A'mintor stole my Bow away,
And pinniond both my Wings.

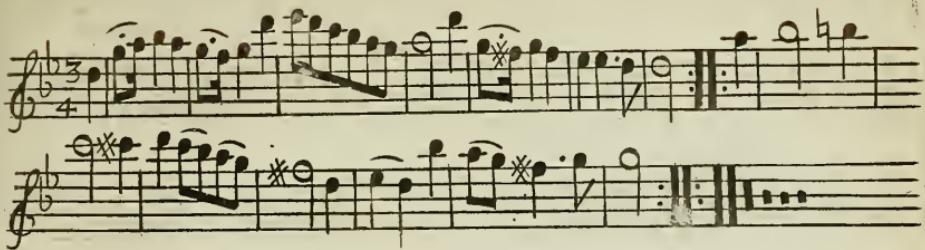
Alas, say'd I, twas then thy Bow,
Where with he wounded me.
Thou art a God, and such a Blow,
Could come from none but thee.

But if thou wilt revenged be,
On that ambitious Swain.
I'll set thy Wings at Liberty,
And thou shalt fly a gain.

And all the service on my part,
That I require of thee,
Is that you'd wound *A'mintor's* Heart,
And make him die for me.

The Silken Fetter I unty'd,
And the gay Wings Display'd,
He Mounting gently Fann'd and cry'd,
Adieu fond Foolish Maid!

At that I Blush'd and angry grew,
 I shoud the *God* believe,
 But wakin found my Dream too true,
 Alas I was a Slave.



Charming Cloe A New Song

A musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Tenor/Bass) and piano. The vocal parts are in common time, while the piano part uses a variety of time signatures including 3/8, 2/4, and 4/4. The vocal parts consist of soprano, alto, and tenor/bass voices. The piano part includes bass and treble staves. The music features various dynamics like forte, piano, and sforzando, and includes grace notes and slurs. The lyrics describe a person's thoughts and dreams.

What e'er I do where e'er I go, my Cloe's all my darling
 Theme, By Day no other thought I know, by Night no
 o - ther, by Night no o - ther pleasing Dream.

The Flow'rs that paint the Fragrant Mead,
 Are Emblems of my blooming Dear:
 My Cloe there I faintly read,
 For Elora smiles less Winning Fair.

3

The spicy Gales which fann the leaves,
 And gently curl the Crystal Flood,
 Describe my *Cloe* when the breaths
 Ten Thousand Sweets throughout the Wood

4

The Birds that *hail* the genial Spring,
 And warbling grace each vocal Spray,
 Surpaf'd by *Cloe* hang the Wing,
 And ceafe their various trilling Lay.

5

The Lamb that Skips with bounding heels,
 Along the dewy verdant Plain,
 My *Cloe's* Innocence reveals,
 My *Cloe's* pleafant fprightly vein.

6

Beauty and Sence in Ample grace,
 In full perfection gayly dreft,
 Charm us in *Cloe's* mind and face,
 And sweetly rob us of our ref't.

7

Minerva wife, and *Venus* fair,
 Have jointly form'd the dang'rous Maid;
 Fly then ye Swains, nor try too near:
 To gaze alafs--- is to be dead.

Sung by Mr. SALWAY in COLOMBINE-COURTEZAN.

WHO, to win a Woman's Favour, Would solicit long in vain? Who, to gain a
 Moment's Pleasure, Would endure an Age of Pain? Idle toying, ne'er enjoying Pleas'd
 with suing, Fond of Ruin, Made the Martyr of Disdain, Made the Martyr of Disdain.

Give me Love the beauteous Rover
 Whom a gen'ral Passion warms,
 Fondly Blessing ev'ry Lover,
 Frankly proffring all her Charms:
 Never flying,
 Still complying;
 Train'd to please you,
 Glad to ease you,
 Circled in her snowy Arms!

F L U T E.

The DETERMIN'D NYMPH.

The musical score consists of five staves of handwritten notation in common time. The key signature varies between G major (indicated by a sharp sign) and C major (indicated by a double sharp sign). The lyrics are written below the notes, corresponding to each staff. The lyrics are:

OH how you Protest, and Solemly lie, Look humble, and
fawn like an Afs! I'm pleas'd, I must own, whenever I see A
Lover that's brought to this pafs. But keep farther off; you're
naughty I fear; I vow I will never yield to't. You ask me in
vain, for never, I swear, I never, no never will do't.

For when the Deed's done, how quickly you go,
No more of the Lover remains;
In haste you depart, whate'er we can do.
And stubbornly throw off your Chains;
Desist then in time; let's hear on't no more;
I vow I will never yield to't:
You promise in vain, in vain you adore;
I never, no never will do't.

FLUTE.



Hap me with thy PETTICOAT.

Four staves of musical notation for Flute and Voice. The top two staves are for the Flute (soprano and alto clefs) and the bottom two staves are for the Voice (soprano and alto clefs). The lyrics are as follows:

O BELL, thy Looks have pierc'd my Heart, I paſt the Day in
Pain, When Night returns I feel the Smart, And wish for thee in vain.
I'm ſtarving cold, while thou art warm, Have Pity and in-cline, And
grant me for a Hap that charm-ing Pet-ti-coat of thine.

My ravish'd Fancy in Amaze
 Still wanders o'er thy Charms,
 Delusive Dreams ten thousand ways
 Present thee to my Arms.
 But, waking, think what I endure,
 While cruel you decline
 Those Pleasures, which can only cure
 This panting Breast of mine.

I faint, I fail, and wildly rove,
 Because you still deny
 The just Reward that's due to Love,
 And let true Passion die.
 Oh! turn, and let Compassion seize
 That lovely Breast of thine;
 Thy Petticoat cou'd give me Ease,
 If thou and it were mine.

Sure Heav'n has fitted for Delight
 That beauteous Form of thine,
 And thou'rt too good its Law to slight,
 By hind'ring the Design.
 May all the Pow'rs of Love agree,
 At length to make thee mine,
 Or loose my Chains, and set me free
 From ev'ry Charm of thine.

F L U T E.



A SONG in BRITTANNIA Set by Mr. CAREY.

tr *tr*

NOBLE Stranger, I ap - prove thee, And a Heart sincere resign; For thy

Virtues fake I love thee With a Passion most Di - vine. From a...

Godlike race de - scended, I my darling He - ro chuse, With such

wond'rrous worth attended, Who would such a Pri - ze re - fuse.

F L U T E.

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

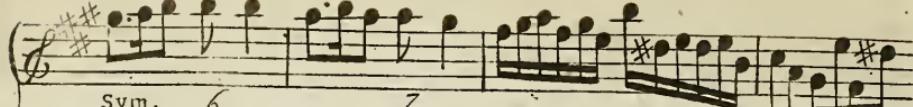
Sym.

Andante Allegro

Lovely BELINDA, wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion
 rais'd by thole Eyes. Sym. Lovely BELINDA.
 wonder of Nature, smile on a Passion rais'd by thole Eyes.
 won-der of Nature, won-der of Nature, won-der of Nature,

fmile on a Passion rais'd by thoſe Eyes. Sym.
 6 6 5 4 * 6 6 7
 * 7 5 7 6 7 *
 All the ſoft Graces ſhine in each feature, dayly giving
 6 6 4 3 6 6
 fresh furprize, day-
 * 6
 ly
 * 6 *
 all the ſoft Graces ſhine in each feature, daily giving
 6 6 * 6 * 6
 Adg.
 fresh furprize, dai- ly giving fresh furprize.
 4 * 6 6 * 6 6 5
 4 * 6

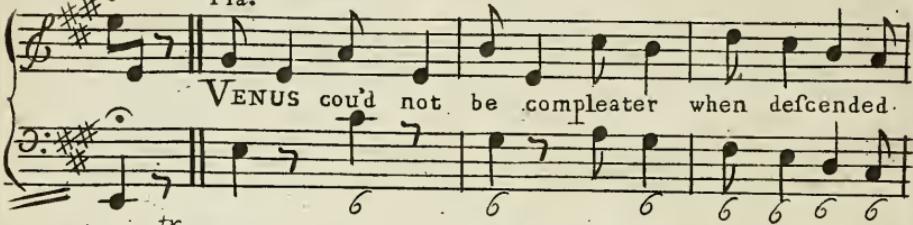
For.



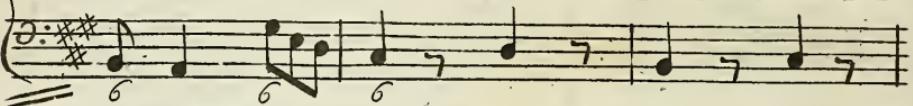
Sym.



Pia.



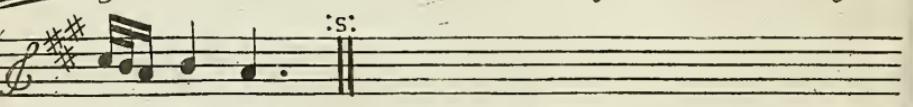
from the Skies, to comma -



Golden Prize the Golden Prize to command the

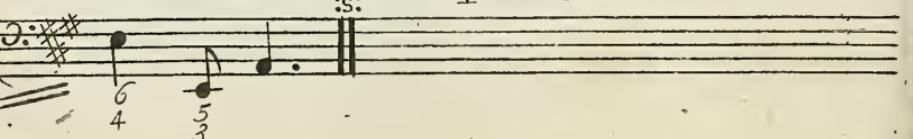


:S:



Golden Prize. Da Capo al segno

:S:



6

4

5

3

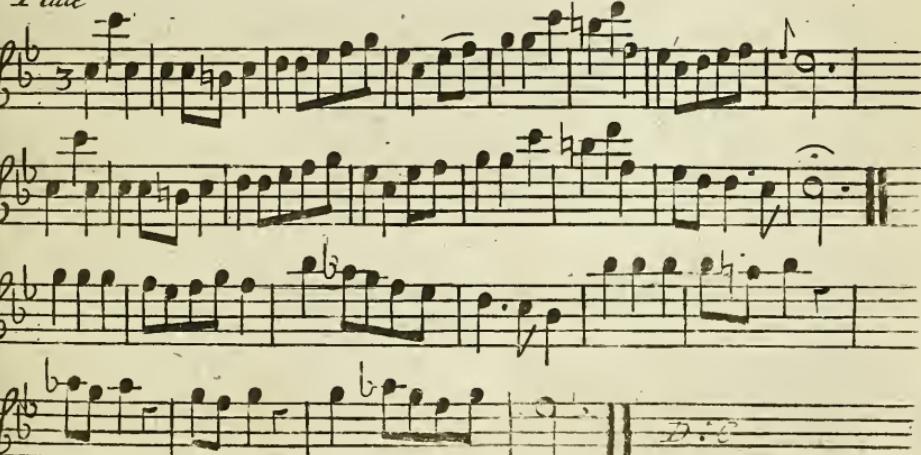
Observe observe yon tunefull Charmer that Wontonly Skips from

Tree to tree : how sweet the Sings now Nought does A larm her. and

She has ob - taind her Libert - ty So that my Dear now Dangers over

thy Ioy discover gay - ly Sing now thou art free D: Capo

Flute



Hamstead) A Song set by M^r. Seedo

The musical score consists of eight staves of handwritten music. The first four staves are for two voices (Soprano and Alto/Tenor) in common time, with the key signature changing from G major to F major. The last four staves are for a single voice (Tenor/Bass) in common time, with the key signature changing from F major back to G major.

Lyrics:

- Staves 1-2: HAMPSTEAD Delight of evry Senfe and Blifs of every ravish'd Eye
- Staves 3-4: at sight of the our Joys commence but absent from thee soon
- Staves 5-6: they Die O may thy Verdure ever Bloom and all thy sweets the
- Staves 7-8: Air per-fume and all thy Sweets the Air per fume

Hail ev'ry Grove and flow'ry Plain
 Where Nature redolent of Charms
 Invites each happy Nymph and Swain
 To revel in each others Arms
 May Youth and Beauty ever smile
 And HAMPSTEAD'S ev'ry Care beguile

Around the Wells refreshing Place
 Fair youthful Beauties sweetly rove
 Rich in the Charms of ev'ry Grace
 T'inspire the Soul with softest Love
 Whil'st fighting Youths their Hearts resign
 And pay their Vows at Beavty's Shrine

In the gay Movements of each Dance
 The Brave and fair fond Love impart
 And with each step such Joys advance
 As dye the Cheek and foot the Heart
 Mufick and love without Control
 Thus fix the Heart and fire the Soul ,

Flute



Set by M. Smith

The Night was still the Air serene Fan'd by a Southern Breeze the
glimm'ring Moon might just be seen Re-flecting thro' the Trees.

The bubbling Water's constant course
From off th'adjacent Hill
Was mournful Echo's last Resource
All Nature was so still

The constant Shepherd sought this Shade
By Sorrow fore oppres'd
Close by a Fountain's Margin laid
His pain he thus Express'd

Ah wretched Youth why did'ft thou love
Or hope to meet succeſſ
Or think the Fair would constant prove
Thy blooming Hopes to bleſſ

Find me the Rose on Barren Sands
The Lilly midſt the Rocks
The Grape in wide deserted Lands
A Wolf to guard the Flocks

Thoſe you alaſſ will ſooner gain
And will more eaſy find
Than meet with ought but cold diſdain
In faithleſſ Womankind

Riches alone now win the Fair
Merit they quite deſpife
The conſtant Lover thro' Deſpair
Beaſtſe not Wealthy dies

AS SAPPHO Cro'sd the Dang'rous sea in PHAONS.

Fond Pursuit too sad to sing to fan to Play she

wept up - on her Lute but when the wou'd her

woes re-hearfe how sweet-ly Flow'd her Tongue her

Lute in spired with tune and Verse un thought she

Play'd and Sung

The L'remonition Set by Mr Lampe

Where ever DAMON thou shalt rove O Bear me with thee.

in thy Mind If Walk-ing in the ver-dant Grove or on some

flow'ry Bank re-clind Still let my faith full I - mage

be A-mong the shades retir'd with Thee

If perch'd upon some pointed Thorn
The Nightingale renew's her strain
Let it remind thee how forlorn
While thou art Absent I complain
And when I hear the Widdow'd Dove
Think I like her deplore my Love

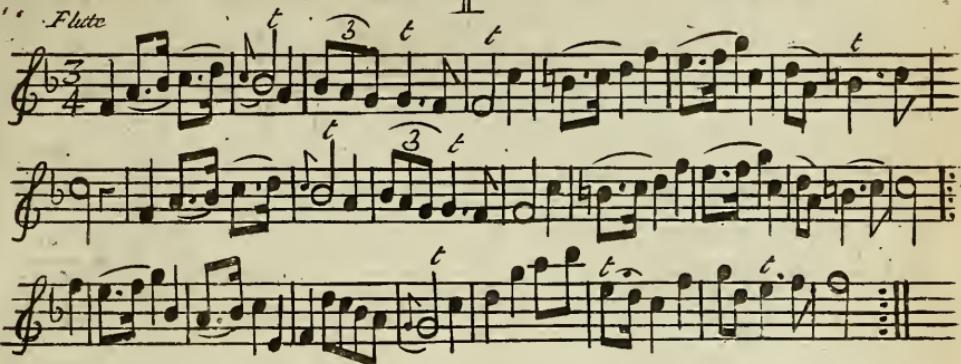
Or should ^uy wander where some Brook
Does o'er ^f Pebbles murm'r'ng flow
As on the silver stream you look
Think how I weep opprest with Woe
And should its Current want supplys
I could recruit it from my Eyes .

When you behold the setting Ray
Tremble beneath the lower skies
The solemn Gloom of closing Day
May represent me to thy Eyes
For Lanquid as departing Light
Am I when banish'd from thy sight

Think when beneath thy spreading Leaves
 You listen to the wisp'ring Breeze
 How with soft sighs my Bosom heaves

While I lament my mind Peace
 Calm is my Grief as silent show'rs
 Or Dews which hang on Painted Flow'rs

Flute



The Peremptory Lover Tune John Anderson my Jo.

Tis not your Beauty nor your Wit, That can my Heart ob-tain; for.

they could never conquer yet Either my Breast or Brain: For.

if you'll not Prove kind to me And true as heretofore, Henceforth I'll

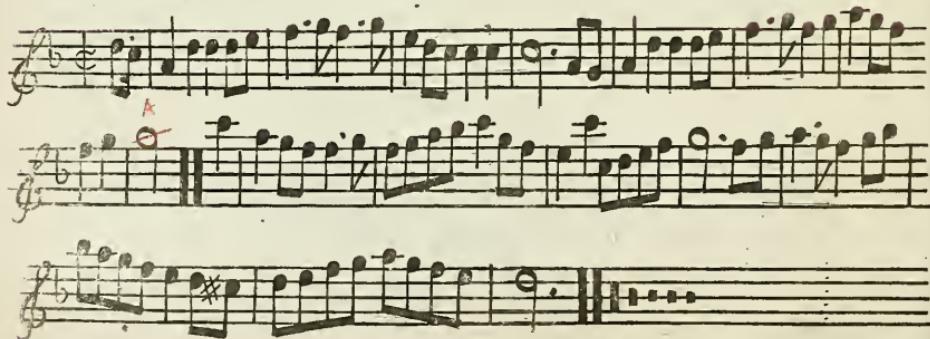
scorn your Slave to be, Or doat up on you more

Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
 By proving thus unkind;
 No smooth'd Sight, nor smiling Frown,
 Can satisfy my Mind.
 Pray let PLATONICKS play such Pranks;
 Such Follies I deride;
 For Love, at least, I will have Thanks,
 And something else beside.

Then open-hearted be with me,
 As I shall be with you,
 And let our Actions be as free
 As Virtue will allow.
 If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
 If true, I'll Constant be,
 If fortune chance to change your Mind,
 I'll turn as soon as ye.

Since our Affections, will be known,
 In equal Terms do stand,
 'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,
 Mine's likewise in my Hand.
 Dispense with your Austerity,
 Unconstancy abhor,
 Or, by great CUPID'S Deity,
 I'll never love you more.

Flute



A New Song by J. Nares

65

Andante

Long from th' assaults of CU-PIDS Arms long have I wander'd free

Nor felt the sweet torment-ing Charms of Pleasing Mis-ty nor felt

the sweet tormenting Charms of pleasing Mis-ry

For VENUS Charg'd her little Mate

My fall not to pursue

Reserv'd Ah for a Nobler Fate

Reserv'd to fall by you.

Since Charmer thou my Hearts recefs

Haft pow'r alone to move

Teach me the way to Happiness

As thou haft taught me love

Let me no longer feel this smart

But in your Bosom slide

O sooth my Pain and where my Heart

Resides let me Reside

Enamour'd Vanquish'd and forlorn

Yet glory in my fall

Thou who haft took my heart and soul

O take me take me All.



A Scotch Song

With broken words, and down Cast eyes, Poor COLLIN spoke his passion
tender, and parting with his GRISY cries, Ah woes my heart that we shoud
Sunder. to others I am cold as Snow, But kindle with thine
Eyes like tinder, From thee with Pain, I'm Forc'd to goe, It breaks

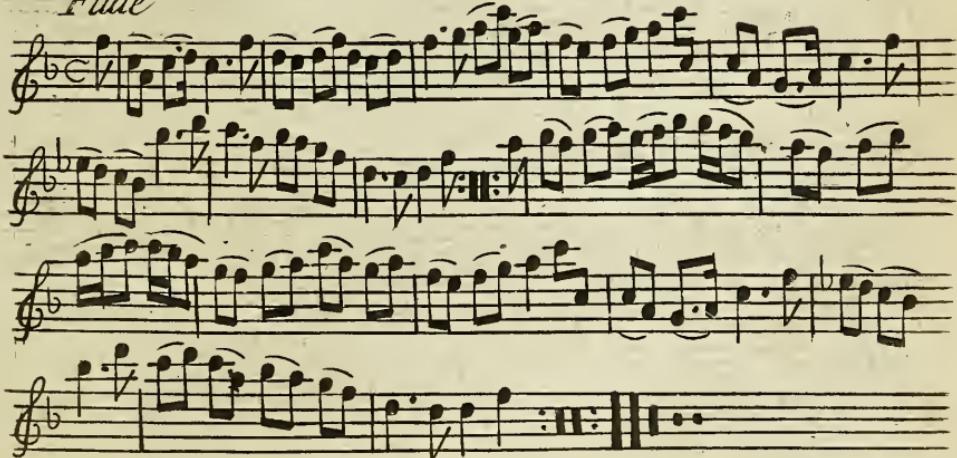
A musical score for voice and piano, featuring two staves of music with lyrics. The lyrics are written below the notes. The music is in common time, with a bass clef for the piano staff. The vocal line includes several melodic phrases and harmonic changes.

my heart that we Shoud Sunder.

Chain'd to thy Charms; I cannot range,
No Beauty new, my Love Shall hinder,
Nor time, nor place, Shall ever change,
My Vows, thô we're Oblig'd to Sunder.
The Image of thy gracefull Air,
And Beauty, that Invites our wonder,
Thy ready wit, and prudence rare,
Shall e'er be present, thô we Sunder.

Dear Nymph, believe thy Swain in this,
You ne'er can find a Heart that's kinder,
Then Seal a promise, with a kiss,
Always to love me, thô we Sunder.
Ye Gods, take care of my dear Lais,
That as I leave her, I may find her,
When that blest time, shall come to pass,
We meet again, and never Sunder.

Flute



A Song by W:^m Richardson

Wanton gales that Fond ly play round about my love sick.

Head Quickly waft my sigh's away to the Nymph for whom I Bleed.

Softly Whisper in her Ear
 All the pains for her I feel
 All the torments that I Bear
 Tell her she alone can Heal.

Then with unsuspected Care
 Gently fan her lovely Breast
 Happy you may revel there
 Where each god Wou'd wish to rest

If one Spark of fond Desire
 Harbour'd there by chance you find
 Raise it to a lasting Fire
 Such as burns within my Mind

Flute

The PROTESTATION The Musick by MR TREVERS

The musical score consists of two staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The bottom staff is also in common time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written in a cursive hand below the notes. The first section of lyrics reads: "Now as I live I love thee much And Fain woud love thee more Did I but know thy Temper such That coud my Joy re-store." The second section of lyrics reads: "But to ingage thy Virgin Heart Then leave it in Distrefs Were to betray thy true Desert And make thy Glory lefs". The third section reads: "Were all the eastern Treasures mine I'd lay them at thy Feet But to invite a Prince to Dine On Air it is not meet". The fourth section reads: "No let me rather pine alone Then if my Fate prove coy I can despense with Grief my own While thou haft Showers of Ioy". The fifth section reads: "But if thro' my too niggard Fate Thou shoud'st unhappy prove I shoud grow mad and desperate Thro' killing Grief and Love". The music features various note values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart
Then leave it in Distrefs
Were to betray thy true Desert
And make thy Glory lefs

Were all the eastern Treasures mine
I'd lay them at thy Feet
But to invite a Prince to Dine
On Air it is not meet

No let me rather pine alone
Then if my Fate prove coy
I can despense with Grief my own
While thou haft Showers of Ioy

But if thro' my too niggard Fate
Thou shoud'st unhappy prove
I shoud grow mad and desperate
Thro' killing Grief and Love

Since then tho more I cannot love
Without thy Injury
As Saints that to an Altar move
My Thoughts to thee shall fly

And think not that the flame is left
For tis upon this Score
Wert not a Love beyond Express
My Dear it might be more

Flute



The DREAM A SONG by Samuel COOKE

A musical score for 'The Dream a Song' by Samuel Cooke, featuring four staves of musical notation. The first staff starts with a treble clef and a 'C' sharp sign. The lyrics 'Return kind sleep a-gain Repeat the Vision o'er, and ev'ry' are written below the notes. The second staff starts with a bass clef and a 'C' sharp sign. The third staff starts with a treble clef and a 'C' sharp sign. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef and a 'C' sharp sign. The lyrics 'sweet, I found in it, To me again re-store, To me a-gain restore.' are written below the notes. The score is labeled 'Voll III' at the bottom.

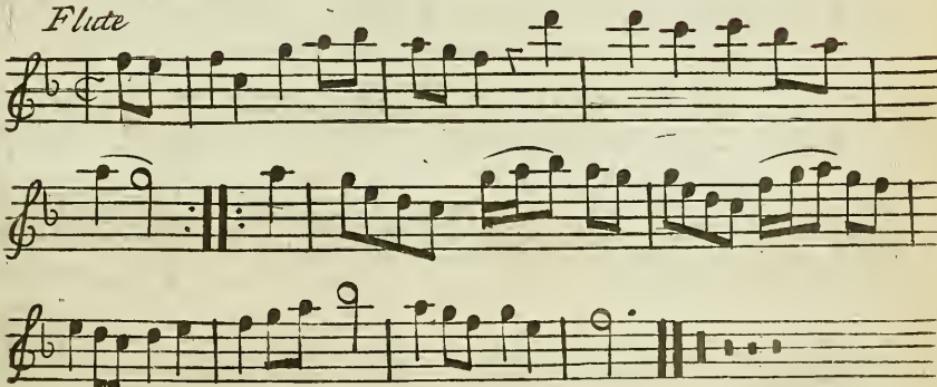
When I, me thought alone,
Was ranging in a Grove;
Where PHEBUS scarce the shade could pierce,
So fitt it was for love.

But long I had not Been,
Before MERTILLA came;
With Open Arms I met her charms,
Who welcomed me the same

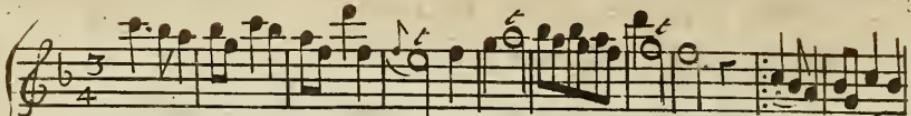
Now, O my dear said I
Thou charmer of my Soul!
Kind fate at last has put us paſt
All Danger of Controul.

Then hand in hand we walk'd.
How happy did we seem!
We talk'd we kif'd, and all the rest,
But Ah! twas all a Dream.

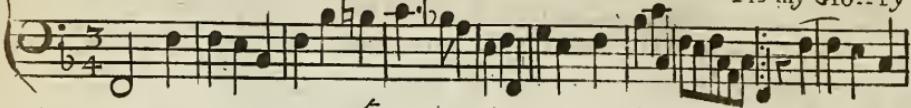
Flute



A Favourite SONG by Sig^r BONONCINI



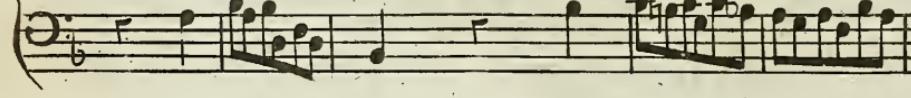
'Tis my Glo-ry



to a dore you you're so Char-ming O my Dearest Why shou'd



I offate com-plain tho I'm not the Happiest Swain still



still I'm the sin-ce-rest Evermore I'll adore O my dearest



How tormenting is the Passion

When our Wish es are in Vain

But to gaze on one so fair

Makes amends for all my care

Why why should I of Fate complain

Evermore I'll adore oh my dearest

Flute



Set by Sig^r GEMINIANI.

WHEN young MILANDA's Fingers mo-ve The trembling
 Strings my Heart beats Love; My soul the motion does o-
 bey, I tremble, too, as well as they.

But when with Heav'nly voice she sings,
 When vocal sounds their silence break,
 And, marry, with the trembling Strings,
 With Love and Rapture too I shake.

F L U T E .

A Favourite AIRE by Mr. HANDEL.

Largo :S:

GOD of Musick, charm the

Charmer, softly sooth her Soul to Love, her Soul to Love,

softly, softly, charm the Charmer, God of Musick, charm the Charmer,

softly sooth her in - - to Love, softly, softly sooth her Sou-

1 to Love. 66 6 66 66 43 Of her
 6 5

frozen looks disarm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her,
 6 7 43 6 6 * 43

sounds Harmonious all approve, of her frozen looks dis-
 b6 6 6 4 # 6 7

arm her, gentle sounds will surely warm her, sounds Harmonious all ap-
 6 6 6 6 6 6

prove, sounds Harmonious all approve. s: Da Capo al segno
 * 6

COME Lassie, lend me your braw Hemp Heckle, And I'll lend
 you my Thripling Kame; For Fainness, Deary, I'll gar ye
 heckle, If you'll go dance the Bob of Dunblane.

Haste ye, gang to the Ground of ye'r Trunkies,
 Busk ye braw, and dinna think Shame;
 Consider in Time, if leading of Monkies,
 Be better than dancing the Bob of Dunblane.

Be frank, my Lassie, lest I grow fickle,
 And tak my Word and Offer again,
 Syne ye may chance to repent it mickle
 Ye didna accept of the Bob of Dunblane.

The Dinner, the Piper, the Priest shall be ready,
 And I'm grown Dowie with lying alone;
 Away then, leave baith Minny and Dady,
 And try with me the Bob of Dunblane.

F L U T E .

The HAPPY NUPTIALS.

77

The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

CUPID God of gay desires, HYMEN with thy sacred fires,

smiling Zephyrs haste away, Grace this happy, happy day, Grace this happy,

happy day, this hap ----- py, happy day.

Loves and Graces all attend,
All ye Nuptial Pow'r's befriend,
Make them your peculiar Care,
Bless the Hero, bless the Fair.

Let Dancing, and Singing, and piping, and springing, we'll

trip it, and skip it, the Groves all a-round. With Courting, and

sporting, and pleasure transporting, the Hills and the Vales to our
 joys shall resound, our Bus'ness is pleasure, content is our treasure, and
 nothing but mirth in these shades shall be found.

FLUTE . .

The BEAUTIFUL AMANDA
Set by a GENTLEMAN.

79

A handwritten musical score for a three-part setting (Treble, Alto, Bass). The music is in common time, with various clefs (G, F, C) and key changes indicated. The lyrics describe Venus leaving the skies to view Britannia's Isles, the triumphs of Amanda's eyes, and the Queen of Smiles. The score includes dynamic markings like 'tr' (trill) and '6' (pedal point).

As VENUS late-ly left the Skies, To view BRITANNIA's
Isles; The Triumphs of AMAN-DA's Eyes, a-larm'd the
Queen of Smiles.

CUPID, she cry'd, fly swift and see,
Amidst fair ALBION's Dames,
What Nymph, without imploring me,
A thousand Hearts inflames.

The God, with quick obedience flew,
Around each Toasted fair;
And bright AMANDA soon he knew,
By her superior Air.

In transport lost, the Archer gaz'd,
Charm'd with the matchless Maid;
This Nymph, said CUPID, all amaz'd,
Can wound without our aid.

In haste, to VENUS, he returns,
And own'd fame's praises true;
For, dear mamma, each Lover burns,
For one who blooms like you.

To form the Charmer, ev'ry Grace
 In lovely union's joyn'd;
 So strong the Beauties of her face,
 So soft her Heavenly mind.

Then, dear mamma, he fondly said,
 Nor be my suit deny'd;
 Let her, who shines the brightest Maid,
 Be seen the fairest Bride.

Amidst the rival crowd of Youth,
 Who wear AMANDA's chain;
 ALEXIS fights with purest Truth,
 And 'tis the gentlest Swain.

His flame is for AMANDA's Charms,
 By Love and Virtue fed;
 And ever woo'd her to his Arms,
 By purest motives led.

Such constancy in love before,
 Ne'er grac'd a Lover's pain;
 Would other Swains like him adore,
 No Nymph would e'er complain.

Oh VENUS, joyn the faithful Pair,
 In HYMEN's hallow'd bands.
 Then you'll behold, bright Goddess, there
 United Hearts and Hands.

The Queen of Beauty smiling cry'd.
 With joy I grant thy Pray'r:
 Such flames as are my Empire's Pride,
 Shall be my Empire's Care.

YE Gods! was STREPHON's Picture blest, With the fair Heav'n of
CHLOE's Breast? Move softer, thou fond flutt'ring Heart, Oh gently
throb, — too fierce thou art. Tell me, thou brightest of thy Kind, For
STREPHON was the Bliss design'd; For STREPHON's sake, dear charming
Maid, Didst thou prefer his wand'ring Shade?

And thou blest Shade, that sweetly art
Lodg'd so near my CHLOE's Heart,
For me the tender Hour improve,
And softly tell how dear I love.
Ungrateful thing! it scorns to hear
Its wretched Master's ardent Pray'r,
Ingrossing all that beauteous Heaven,
That CHLOE, lavish Maid, has given.

I cannot blame thee: were I Lord
 Of all the Wealth those Breasts afford,
 I'd be a Miser too, nor give
 An Alms to keep a God alive.
 Oh smile not thus, my lovely Fair,
 On these cold Looks, that lifeless Air,
 Prize him whose Bosom glows with Fire,
 With eager Love and soft Desire.

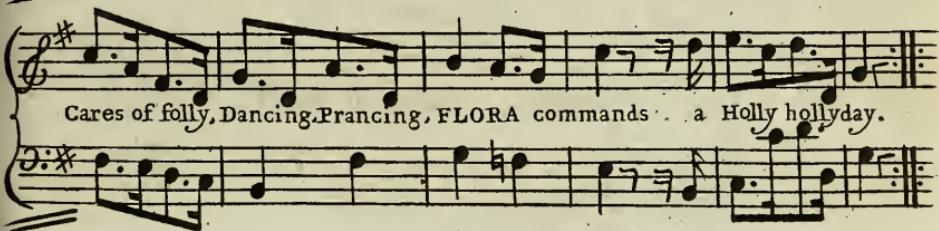
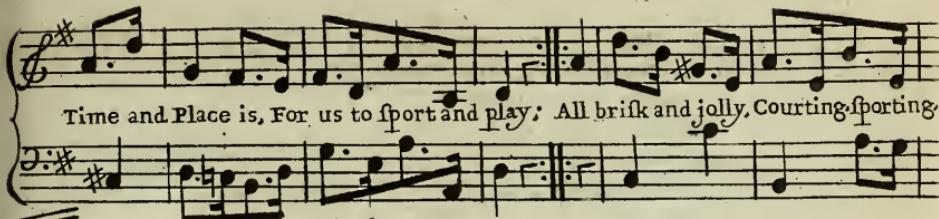
'Tis true, thy Charms, O powerful Maid,
 To Life can bring the silent Shade:
 Thou canst surpass the Painter's Art;
 And real Warmth and Flames impart.
 But oh! it ne'er can love like me,
 I've ever lov'd, and lov'd but thee:
 Then, Charmer, grant my fond Request,
 Say thou canst love, and make me blest.

FLUTE.



FLORA'S HOLLYDAY.

Two staves of musical notation for flute, written in common time (indicated by 'C'). The first staff begins with a treble clef and the second with a bass clef. The music includes lyrics: "COME all you Lads and Lasses, Put on your handsome Graces, For this the". The notation consists of various note heads and stems.



Shou'd e'er the Nymph deny you,
She ne'er intends to fly you,
A thousand tricks she'll try you,
All but to hold you fast:
She'll pout and vex you,
Toying, Coying, then perplex you,
Slighting, fighting, follow her close,
She'll right, she'll right at last.

Shou'd e'er the Swain abjure you,
Protest he can't endure you,
It's all but to allure you
And ease him of his Pain:
If once you meet him,
Kindly, friendly, you'l defeat him,
Rarely, fairly, ply him but home,
He'll right, he'll right again.

FLUTE.

IN that dear hope how ma-ny live, I'm not the on-ly
 one, I'm not the on ly one; Oh! what wou'd some fine
 Ladies give, To have their Husbands gone.. All things new,
 E-ver wanting Joys in view, More en-chanting, 'Tis
 the mode e'er Husbands die, To have a-no-ther in
 ones Eye, To have a-no-ther in ones Eye.

The Words by I. A. Esq^r Set by a Scholar of MR CAREYS

See O see thou tender Creature Beauteous in Each
 Air and Feature See Unhappy STREPHON lye at your
 feet to Gaze and Dye

Pity then thou Charming Fair

Let me not live in this Despair

Raptur'd with your Matchless Charms

Let me Dye Within your Arms

flute

Set by M^r. Smith

To fight in your Cups and abuse the good creature believe it my

friends is a sin of that Nature that were you all Damn'd for, a

tedious long year To nasty Mundungus and heath' nish small Beer

Such as after debauche, your sparks of the Town for a penance next

Morning Devoutly pour down It would not atone for so vile a Transgres-

- ion You're a scandal to all of the Drinking Proffession

What a Pox do ye Bellow and make such a Pother
 And throw Candlesticks Bottles and Pipes at each other
 Come keep the Kings peace leave your damning and finking
 And gravely return to good Christian drinking

He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the Table
 He that flinches his Glafs and to drink is not Able
 Let him quarrel no more but knock under the table

Well faith since you've raif'd my Ill Nature so High
 I'll drink on no other Condition not I

Unleſs my Old friend in the Corner declares

What Mistrefes he Courts and whose Colours he Wears.
 You may ſafely acquaint me for I'm none of thoſe
 That uſe to divulge what's ſpoke under the Roſe
 Come part with't — what ſhe forbids it ye Powers
 What unfortunate Planet rul'd o'er thy Amours

Why Man ſhe has lain (oh thy fate how I Pity
 With half the Blew Breeches and Wigs in the City
 Go thank MR Parſon give him thanks With a Curse
 Oh thoſe Damnable words for Better for worfe
 To regain your Old Freedom you vainly endeavour
 Your Doxy and you no Priest can deſever

You muſt Dance in the Circle you muſt dance in't forever
 You muſt Dance in the Circle you muſt dance in't forever

flute

With in a foli - tary Grove desparing SAFFHO fate lamenting
of her Ill plac'd Love and cursing of her Fate in vain said she I would con-
ceal y Conquest from his Eyes my lobks alas too plain reveal what I would fain Disguise

A way my Eyes Would you betray
The Weakness of my Heart
To one ^f. will not love repay
Or e're regard my smart
But yethow often hath he fwo're
That he would Constant prove
How oft with Tears did he implore
My Pitty and my Love

But he like a proud Conqueror
Who in his way subdues.
Some Towns with his Resistless Pow'r
Fresh Conquests now Pursues
Then SAFFHO give thy sorrow's o're
And be thy self again
And think on that vain Man no more
That Could thy Love Contemn

flute

The Agreement of the Gods

89

Two Gods of great Honour BACCHUS and APOLLO one famous in Musick
other in Wine In Heaven were Raving Disputing and Braving whose Theme was
Noblest and Trade most Divine your MUSICK says BACCHUS wou'd stun us and
Rack us did Clarett not soften the Discords you make Songs are not Inviting nor
Verses delighting till Poets of my Great Influence Partake

I'm young Plump and Iolly free from Melancholly
Who ever grew Fatt by the sound of a string
Rogues doom'd to a Gibbet do often Contribute
To Purchase a Bottle before they dare sing
In Love I am Noted by Old and young Courted
A Girl when Inspir'd by me is soon won
So great are the Motions of one of my Portions
The Muses tho maids I coud Whore e'ry one

When mortals are fretted perplex'd or Indebted
 To me as a Father for succor they cry
 In their sad Conditions I hear their Petitions
 A Bottle revives the Opprest votary
 Then leave of your Tooting your Fidling and Fluting
 A sidei throw your Harp and now bow to a flask
 My Joys they are Riper than songs from a Piper
 What Musick is Greater than Sounding a Cask

Says Phæbus this Fellow is Drunk sure or Mellow
 To prize Musick less than Wine and October
 When those who Love drinking are past thoughts of thinking
 And want so much Witt as to keep themselves sober
 As they were thus Wrangling a Scolding and Iangling
 Came Buxom bright VENUS to end the Dispute
 Says she now to ease the MARS best of all pleas'd me
 When Arm'd with a Bottle and Charm'd with a Flute

Your Musick has charm'd me your Wine has Alarnd me
 When I have Shew'd Coynefs and hard to be Won
 When both have been moving I cou'd not help Loving
 And Wine has compleated what Musick begun
 The Gods struck with wonder vow'd both by Joves Thunder
 They'd mutually Ioyn' in supplying Loves flame
 Since each in their Function moyd on in Conjunction
 To melt with soft pleasures the Amorous Dame



Strephon's Complaint Set by M^r Handel 91.

Oh cruel Tyran LOVE Why art thou so unkind Wilt thou no

milder prove Nor ease my troubled Mind No Joy shall I e'er see But

still tormented be And from such dismal Grief Shall I ne'er find Relief

Since thou hast wounded me
Why dost thou not impart
Some of thy Cruelty
And make her feel some Smart
Tell her how I do burn
How I lament and mourn
When she the Truth doth know
She must some Pity show

Beauty enthron'd doth stand
Upon her smiling Brow
Her blushing Cheeks command
Me at her Feet to bow
Her golden Tresses wave
Her rising Breasts enslave
Lighting darts from her Eyes
And kills me by Surprise

Yet tho' she is most fair
Why should she me disdain
If Wealth surrounds my Dear
Why must I suffer Pain

Were She as poor as JOB
 I in a Royal Robe
 And Lord of all the Land
 I'd be at her Command

All Day I sigh and weep
 And vainly do lament
 All Night I cannot sleep
 I never rest content
 But still am fill'd with Pain
 Scorn Woe And sad Disdain
 These Racks I cannot bear
 And yet she will not hear

What Joys can MYRA take
 After she does behold
 Poor STREPHON for her sake
 Laid in the Dreary Mould
 O most unhappy Fate
 Then Pity comes to late
 MYRA my Life preserve
 And thee I'll always serve

I'll wander for her Sake
 Or keep myself confind
 If she no Pity take
 On my distracted Mind
 O ease the burning Smart
 Of my poor suff'ring Heart
 Else 'twill my Ruin prove
 Farewell then Life and Love



If Bounteous Nature e'er had meant that Gold should

only buy content the Morning Dew had sprinkled

o'er the thinning Field with Liquid o'er like Air and

Water it had flow'd in Ev'ry Clime a Common good should

we then Judge of Reason's Rule Natures a Jilt and

Mans a Fool -

⁹⁴ A Song the Words & Musick by Mr Carey

then my Passion Crown Queen of my Heart and on - ly
Idol of my soul I blefs the pow'r that does my
ravish'd fence controul so mild and Gen - tle
is your reign I gladly wear the pleasing Chain
such pride I take your slave to be
I wou'd not if I could be free

Flöte

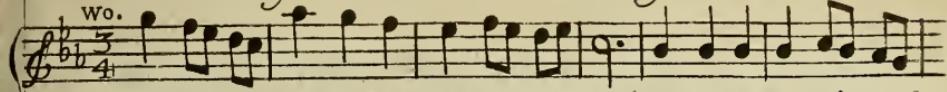
A handwritten musical score for Flute, page 96. The score consists of ten staves of music. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats), and the time signature varies between common time (indicated by 'C') and 3/8 time (indicated by '3/8'). The music features various note heads, stems, and bar lines, with some notes having small 'x' marks or asterisks. The title 'Flöte' is written in cursive at the top center. The first staff begins with a sixteenth-note pattern. The second staff starts with a eighth-note followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The third staff has a sixteenth-note pattern. The fourth staff begins with a eighth-note followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The fifth staff has a sixteenth-note pattern. The sixth staff begins with a eighth-note followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The seventh staff has a sixteenth-note pattern. The eighth staff begins with a eighth-note followed by sixteenth-note pairs. The ninth staff has a sixteenth-note pattern. The tenth staff ends with a eighth-note followed by sixteenth-note pairs.

A DIALOGUE.

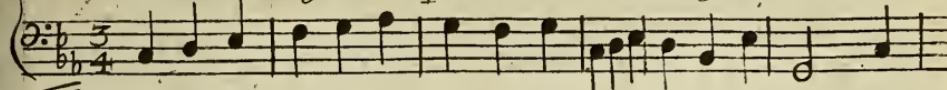
91

The Words by Mr. LEVERIDGE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Wo.



MEN are all Traytors, compleat in their way, Always are ro-ving, and



seeking for Prey. Women are fickle, and changeable found. Men are De-



ceit, Woman's a Cheat, So from the first this vile World did turn round.



W. Since we so frankly our frailties have shewn,

Let us, like others, in cunning jogg on,

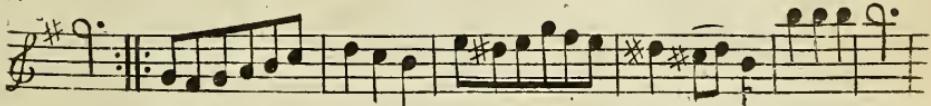
M. For where contrivance and Plots do abound,

W. Mankind I'll cheat,

M. Woman I'll bite,

Both. So to the last this vile World will turn round.

FLUTE.



The INCONSTANT SWAIN.

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, with a key signature of two flats. The lyrics are in French and are placed below the corresponding staves. The first staff starts with a treble clef. The second staff starts with a bass clef. The third staff starts with a treble clef. The fourth staff starts with a bass clef. The fifth staff starts with a treble clef. The sixth staff starts with a bass clef.

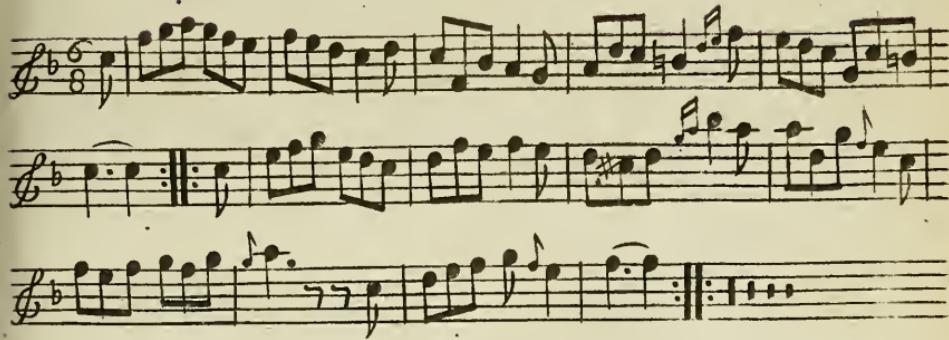
YOUNG THIRSIS, once the Jolliest Swain, That ever charm'd the
 list'ning Plain, Attentive to his Glee; While Nymphs around the
 Rover throng, He tun'd his Pipe, and all his Song was, *I'aime la libe-*
te, was, *I'aime la liberté*.

Bright CHLOE, ev'ry Shepherd's Care,
 And FLAVIA, fairest of the Fair,
 Are now no longer free;
 Coy DELIA felt unusual pain,
 All grieve to hear the Shepherd's Strain,
 Was, *I'aime la liberté*.

The Youth, by inclination sway'd,
 A softer tune had often play'd.
 To ev'ry charming She;
 None fear delusion from his tongue,
 For all he said, and all he sung,
 Was, *I'aime la liberté*.

The treacherous Boy thus play'd his part,
 In triumph o'er each Female Heart;
 O! who so blest as he,
 Who had each Nymph a Mother made,
 While all he Sung, and all he said,
 Was, *I'ame la liberta.*

FLUTE.



A DRINKING SONG.

A musical score for a drinking song, consisting of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The second staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves: "EV'RY Man his Scepter take, Let the Hoghead sound, and the Glasses ring, Let the envious Miser quake, each merry mortal is a King. Let the King do what he can, he's still no more than man, For since the World began."

'Twas the juice of the Vine, that had pow'r divine, And merry mortals Bless all their
wrongs redress, Were Kings but to see how merry we cou'd be, they'd envy our Happiness.

Let the Glass keep moving round,
We'll paint the night with red and white,
Our selves with wreaths be Crown'd,
To Celebrate the morning light;
When the Sun begins his Race,
With his drunken fiery face,
And Westward steers his pace,
He'll cheerfully smile,
On his favourite Isle,
And gaze with vast delight,
To see us shine so bright,
Then away goes he, and drinks up the Sea,
To pass away the gloomy Night.

FLUTE.

No more shall Meads bedeck'd with flowers nor Sweetnes live in
 Rosey Bow'rs nor greenest Buds on Branches spring nor
 warbling Birds delight to Sing nor Aprill Violets paint the
 Grove When e're I leave my CELIA'S love

The fish shall in the Ocean Burn
 And Fountains sweet shall Bitter turn
 The humble Vale no Floods shall know
 When Floods shall highest Hills o'reflow
 Black Lethe shall Oblivion leave
 Before my CELIA I decieve

Love shall his Bow and shafts lay by
 And VENUS Doves Want Wings to fly
 The Sun refuse to shew his light
 And Day shall be turn'd to Night
 And in that Night no Star appear
 When e're I leave my CELIA dear



The Soldier's Welcome Home

Should auld Acquaintance be forgot Tho they're turn with Scars

Those are the noble Hero's Lot Ob - tain'd in glorious . Wars

Welcome my VARO to my Breast Thy Arms about me twine And

make me once again. as blest As I was Lang syne

Methinks around us on each Bough

A Thoufand CUPID'S play

Whilst thro the Groves I Walk with you

Each Object makes me gay

Since your Return the Sun and Moon

With Brighter Glory shine

Streams murmur soft Notes while they run

As they did lang syne

Despise the Court and Din of state
 Let that to their share fall
 Who can esteem such Slav'ry great
 While bounded like a Ball
 But sunk in Love upon my Arms
 Let your brave Head recline
 We'll please our selves with mutual Charms
 As we did lang syne

O'er Moor and Dale with your gay Friend
 You may pursue the Chase
 And after a Blyth Bottle end
 All Care in my Embrace
 And in a Vacant rainy Day
 You shall be wholly mine
 We'll make the Hours run smooth away
 And laugh at lang syne

The Hero pleaf'd with the sweet Air
 And Signs of Generous Love
 Which had been utter'd by the Fair.
 Bow'd to the Powers above
 Next Day with glad Consent and Haft
 They knelt before the Shrine
 Where the good Priest the Couple blest
 And put them out of Fine



Talk not so much to me of Love Your vain Pur'

suit give o'er Your misplac'd Ardour can not move a

Heart engag'd be fore A Heart engag'd be fore

No more of Cruelty complain
Nor CLOE'S Breast accuse
For want of Pity to a Swain
When Honour bids Refuse

If neither can your Thoughts employ
But still on me you gaze
CLOE'S Advice receive with Joy
And fly from CUPID'S Maze

Let some more worthy Virgin Dame
Whose Charms all lovely are
Be Mistres of your gen'rous Flame
She may reward your care

Haft to some peaceful Dome retire
Such as you oft approve
Examine well your fond Desire
And discipline your Love

Or some brisk sprightly Widow may
With Affluence supply'd
Your Suit with grateful Sense repay
Which CLOE has deny'd

And if my wand ring Steps incline
To your sad lonely Cell
My Soul and every Thought shall Join
To wish poor STREPHON well

Set by D^r. Pepusch in Persuis & Andromeda 105.

A handwritten musical score for soprano and basso continuo. The score consists of six systems of music, each with two staves. The top staff is for soprano voice and the bottom staff is for basso continuo. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written in soprano C-clef and basso F-clef respectively. The basso continuo part includes a bassoon-like line and a harpsichord-like line with basso clef and a bassoon-like line with a C-clef. The lyrics are written below the basso continuo staff in each system. The score is written on five-line music paper.

When fe - ve - reft woes Im - pend - ing seem to shew, def -

struction near unexpect'd Joy attend - ing foot the soul and

banish fear Tho to Fortunes frowns sub - ject - ed

and attack'd by Anxious care servile spirits are de - jected

noble Minds shou'd ne'er despair

A Favourite Air by M^r Handel

Lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining no comfort ob-

taining I Languish and dye lamenting complaining of CELIAS disdaining I

Languish I languish and dye lamenting complaining of

CELIAS disdaining no comfort obtaining I languish and dye

no Comfort obtaining I Languish and dye

Yet cannot give over my grief to dif -

- cover fure never was lover so wretched as I sure

never was lover so wretched as I Da Capo

A Song by W. Richardson

Thou rising sun whose gladsome ray invites my fair, to
rural play Dispel the mist and clear the skies and
bring my orra to my Eyes

O where I sure my dear to View
I climb ^t pine trees topmost Bough
Aloft in Air that quivering play's
And round and round for ever gaze

My orra Moor where art thou laid
What wood conceals my sleeping Maid
Fast by the roots enrag'd I'll tear
The trees that hide my promis'd fair

O I could ride the clouds and skies
Or on the Ravens pinnions rise
Ye storks ye swans a moment stay
And waft a lover on his way

My bliss to long my Bride denies
Apase the wasting summer flies
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear
Nor storms or night shall keep me here

What may for strength th steel compare
Oh love has Fetter's stronger farr
By bolts of steel are limbs confind
But cruel love enchains the mind

No longer then perplex thy breast
When thoughts torment ^f first are best
Tis mad to go tis Death to stay
Away to orra haste away

Flute

109

The Mournfull SHEPHERD

A handwritten musical score for 'The Mournfull SHEPHERD'. The score consists of five staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are written below each staff.

When Morn appears to fprightly Chace the Neighbouring swains
with Ioy repair I too set forth but in my face no signs of sweet con-
tent appear ' Pensive I ride ore Hill thro' grove and Mourn alafs
my hopeles love Da Capo

Nor Mindfull once of Horn or Hound

Or of the Chearfull Huntsmans Cry

Or of the sweet repeated sound

Of Wanton Ecchos kind reply

Nor all the Various ways they Move

But Mourn alafs my hopeles Love

Set by Dr Green

The sun was sunk be-neath the Hill the Western Clouds were lind with
 Gold the Sky was clear the winds were still the Flocks were pent with
 in their Fold when from the silence of the Grove poor DAMON thus
 despair'd of Love Poor DAMON thus despair'd of Love

Who seeks to pluck the Fragrant Rose
 From the bare Rock or oozy Beach
 Who from each barren Weed that grows
 Expects the Grape and blushing Peach
 With equal Faith may hope to find
 The Truth of Love in Womankind. The truth &c.

I have no Flocks nor fleecy Care
 No Fields that shine with golden Grain
 Nor Meadows green nor Gardens fair
 Of Virgins venal Hearts to gain
 Then all in vain my Sighs must prove
 For I alas am nought but Love

How wretched is the faithful Youth
 Since Womens Hearts are bought and sold
 They ask not Vows of Sacred Truth
 Whene'er they sigh they sigh for Gold
 Gold can the Frowns of Scorn remove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I *Vc.*

To buy the Gems of INDIA'S Coast
 What Wealth what Riches can suffice
 But all their Fire can never boast
 The living Lustre of her Eyes
 For there the World too Cheap would prove
 But I alas am nought but Love
 But I *Vc.*

Qh SYLVIA since nor Gems nor Oar
 Can with thy brighter Charms compare
 Consider that I proffer more
 More seldom found a Heart sincere
 Let Treasure meaner Beauties move
 Who pays thy Worth must pay with Love
 Who pays *Vc.*

Flute

A handwritten musical score for a flute, consisting of three staves of music. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a dynamic of 'f' (fortissimo) and a bass clef. The second staff begins with a dynamic of 'f' and a treble clef. The third staff begins with a dynamic of 'f' and a bass clef. The music features sixteenth-note patterns and rests throughout the three staves.

The Beauteous CLOE set by MR HANDEL

The image shows a page from George Frideric Handel's musical score for "The Beauteous CLOE". It consists of six staves of music. The first three staves are for the voice, with lyrics in italics: "CLOE you're Witty CLOE you're Pretty Lovely Charmer of the Plain Ever admiring ever desiring is your Faithfull Loveing Swain No longer tease me Dearest ease me be now consenting no more tormenting let me dear CLOE your Favour gain". The fourth, fifth, and sixth staves are for the Flute. The music is in common time, with various key signatures (F major, G major, A major, D major) indicated by the G clef and the key signature line. The vocal part uses a soprano C-clef, and the flute part uses an alto C-clef.

Flute

This section of the image shows the flute part from the musical score. It consists of three staves of music for the flute, continuing from the previous section. The flute part features continuous eighth-note patterns and sixteenth-note patterns, primarily in common time with a G-clef. The flute part begins with a melodic line starting on G, followed by a section where the notes are mostly eighth notes, and ends with a final section of sixteenth-note patterns.

Through the Wood Laddie

113

As early I walkd on the first day of May beside a clear Fountain be -

neath a steep mountain I heard a sweet Flute soft melo-dy play whilst

echo resounded the dolo-rous lay I list'ned . and look'd and spy'd

a young swain with aspects distressed and spirits opprefsed seem'd

clear and as fresh as the Sky after rain and thus he discover how he

strove with his pain

The CLORIS be coy why should I Repine,

That a Nymph much above me,

Vouchsafes not to love me,

I ne'er in her rank of merit can shine,

Then why should I seek to debase her to mine,

No henceforth esteem shall bridle desire,

Nor in due subjection,

Retain warm affection,

No spark of self love shall blaze in my fire

Then where is the swain can more humbly admire,

While passion shall cease to rage in my Breast,

And quiet returning,

Shall hush all my mourning,

Then Lord of my self in Absolute rest,

I'll hug the condition that Heaven thinks best,

Thus Friendship unmixt and wholly refind,

May yet be respected,

The love is rejected,

And CLORIS must own the still proves unkind,

Theres not such a Friend as a lover resign'd.

May the fortunate Swain that hereafter shall sue,

With prop'rrous endeavour,

To gain her dear favour,

Know as well as I what to CLORIS is due,

Be still more deserving and never less true,

While I disengaged from wishes and fears,

Tranquillity tafting,

On liberty feasting,

In hopes of sure blifs shall pass my few years,

And long to escape from this Valley of tears.

Ye powrs that preside o'er the vertues of Love,

Now Aid me with patience,

To bear its vexations

Let noble designs my winged heart move

With Sentiments purest my notions improve,

If e'er my young heart be caught in its chain,

May Prudence direct me,

And courage protect me,

Prepar'd for all darts rememb'ring the swain,

Grew happily wife after loving in vain.

Flute



The Invocation Set by M^r Bononcini

Ye Pow'rs that
o'er Mankind preside And pity humane Woes My steps to some Retirement
guide That no Disturbance knows Ye Pow'rs that

A musical score for three voices or instruments, likely soprano, alto, and bass. The score consists of three staves. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps. The middle staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a key signature of two sharps. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C'). The lyrics are written below the notes in a cursive hand. The first line of lyrics is 'Ye Pow'rs that'. The second line is 'o'er Mankind preside And pity humane Woes My steps to some Retirement'. The third line is 'guide That no Disturbance knows Ye Pow'rs that'.

o'er Mankind preside and pity human Woes my steps to some Retirement

guide that no Disturbance knows

there let my soul

forgether Pain Restor'd to blissful Peace again Nor e'er re-sign the calm Re-

treat To feel the Sorrows of the Great To feel the Sorrows of the Great D.C.

Flute

A Song sett by Mr D

Love is a pretty a pretty thing a little God a .

little King soft and easy are his Chains all all are

Blef't where Cupid Reigns All all are bleft .

Where Cu - pid reigns All all are bleft where .

Cupid Reigns

A Song sett to Musick S.G.

Fly fly false Man de - ceiv - er go the caufe of all my smart thou
Author of my greif and Wo thou Author of my greif and
wo thou Author of my greif and Woe hath rob'd me
of my Heart thou Author of my greif and Wo hath rob'd me rob'd me

Vcl. III

of my heart

then can ^u see a Virgin Mourn and not one Glance of Pit-ty

Shew but for the trueit love return Bafe scorn to a-gre-vate, my Woe

DC

A Favourite Aire by Mr BONONCINI

Dear Pritty Maid don't fly me so but once more turn this way Don't fly me

so turn once more Pritty Maid turn this way Don't fly me so turn once

more pritty Maid turn this Way Intender Amours we ll pafs away time th

innocent sport and Joy With Innocent sport and Joy well sweetly love
 and our days happily thus implore Remember my dearest Beauty will soon
 decay think oh my dear time goes on Beauty will soon decay D.C.

Flute

Flute

A SONG in Praise of Old English ROAST BEEF.

The Words and Musick by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

WHEN mighty Roast Beef was the Englishman's Food, It en-

nobl'd our veins, and enriched our Blood; Our Soldiers were

Brave, and our Courtiers were good. Oh the Roast Beef of Old

England, and Old English Roast Beef.

Chorus.

But since we have learn'd from all Conquering France,
To eat their Ragouts, as well as to Dance,
We are fed up with nothing but vain complaisance.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Our Fathers of Old, were Robust, stout and strong,
And kept Open-house with good cheer all day long,
Which made their plump Tenants rejoice in this Song.
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what shall I name,
 A sneaking poor Race, half Begotten — and tame.
 Who fully those Honours that once shone in Fame.
 Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

When good Queen ELIZABETH sat on the Throne,
 E'er Coffee, and Tea, and such flip-flops were known,
 The World was in terror if e'er she did frown.

Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

In those Days, if Fleets did presume on the Main,
 They seldom, or never return'd back again,
 As witness, the vaunting ARMADA of Spain.

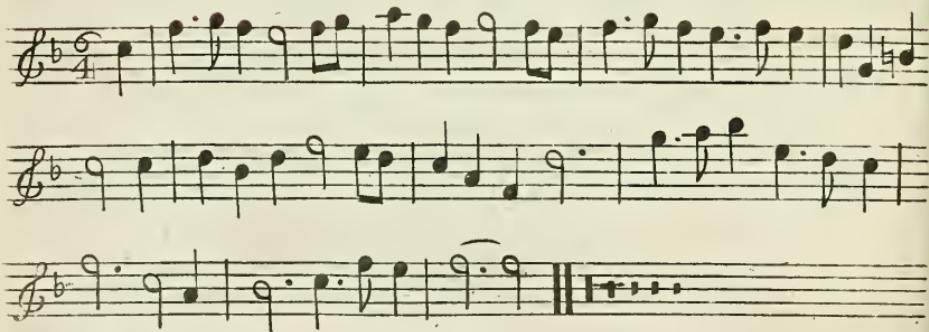
Oh the Roast Beef, &c.

Oh then they had Stomachs to eat and to fight,
 And when wrongs were a Cooking, to do themselves right,
 But now we're a — I cou'd, but good night.

Oh the Roast Beef of Old England,

Old English Roast Beef.

F L U T E .



A SONG Set by an Eminent Master.

THO' fate decrees that we must part, And I awhile shall
 pine; Yet ne'er suspect my faith and heart, To wander
 for 'tis thine.

Thy worth, thy sweetnes, and thy Charms,
 Oh lovely Maid I trace;
 Your absence gives my Soul alarms,
 But Joy to see your Face.

The Swallow, when the Summer's past,
 And equally the Dove,
 In mourning thus, while storms do last,
 Will pine without their Love.

O! quickly, then, dear Maid return,
 The New-Year cheerfull make;
 For thee impatiently I burn,
 Can eat no Twelth-day Cake.

To draw a Knave, a King, or Queen,
 Court Beauties of renown,
 Will little help to cure my Spleen,
 If you come not to Town.

A DRINKING SONG

Thus, by means of honest drinking,
Often is the truth found out,
Which might cause a World of Thinking,
Spare the pains and drink about.
Fa la la &c.

A DIALOGUE. The Words and Musick by Mr. CAREY.

GERMANICUS.

MY Cares, my Dangers all are past, The Royal Fair is mine at
last: What sweeter Bliss can Mortal know, What greater Gift can
Heav'n bestow.

BRITANNIA.

O Prince, by Heav'n preserv'd for me,
No other Joy I seek but thee;
From day to day, from year to year,
O May we ever prove more Dear.

Both. From day to day, &c.

FLUTE.

MUIRLAND WILLIE.

HARKEN, and I will tell you how Young Muirland WILLIE came to
woo. Tho' he cou'd neither say nor do; The truth I tell to you. But ay he
cries, whate'er betide, MAGGY I'se ha'e her to be my Bride, With a
fal,de,dal,dal,dal,de, ral,dal,lal, la, ral,lal,la,dal,dal, dal.
The musical score consists of five staves of music in G major, common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

On his gray Yad as he did ride,
With Durk and Pistol by his side,
He prick'd her on wi' meikle Pride,
Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
Out o'er yon Moos, out o'er yon Muir,
Till he came to her Dady's Door.
With a fal,dal,&c.

Goodman, quoth he, be ye within,
I'm come your Doghter's Love to win,
I care no for making meikle Din;
What Answr gi'ye me?
Now, Woer, quoth he, wou'd ye light down,
I'll gie ye my Doghter's Love to win.
With a fal,dal,&c.

Now, Woer, fin ye are lighted down,
 Where do ye win, or in what Town;
 I think my Doghter winna gloom
 On sick a Lad as ye.

The Woer he step'd up the House,
 And wow but he was wond'rous crouse,
 With a fal, fal, &c.

I have three Owsen in a Plough,
 Twa good ga'en Yads, and Gear enough,
 The Place they ca' it CADENEUGH:

I scorn to tell a Lye:
 Besides, I had frae the great Laird,
 A Peat-pat and a lang Kail-yard.
 With a fal, &c.

The Maid pat on her Kirtle brown,
 She was the brawest in a' the Town;
 I wat on him she did na gloom,
 But blinkit bonnilie.
 The Lover he stended up in haste,
 And gript her hard about the Waiste,
 With a fal, &c.

To win your Love, Maid, I'm come here,
 I'm young, and hae enough o' Gear;
 And for my fell ye need na fear,
 Troth try me whan ye like.

He took aff his Bonnet and spat in his Chew,
 He dighted his Gab, and he pri'd her Mou!
 With a fal, &c.

The Maiden blusht and bing'd fu'law,
 She had na Will to fay him na,
 But to her Dady she left it a',
 As they twa cou'd agree.
 The Lover he ga'e her the tither Kiss,
 Syne ran to her Dady, and tell'd him this.
 With a fal, &c.

Your Doghter wad na fay me na,
 But to your fell she has left it a',
 As we cou'd gree between us twa;
 Say what'll ye gi' me wi' her?
 Now, Woer, quo' he, I ha'e na Meikle,
 But sick's I ha'e ye's get a Pickle.
 With a fal, &c.

A Kilnfu' of Corn I'll gie to thee,
 Three Soums of Sheep, twa good Milk Ky,
 Ye's ha'e the Wadding-dinner free;

Troth I dow do na mair.
 Content, quo' he, a Bargain be't,
 I'm far frae hame, make hast let's do't.
 With a fal, &c.

The bridal Day it came to pafs,
 Wi' mony a blythfome Lad and Lass;
 But sicken a Day there never was,
 Sic Mirth was never seen.
 This winsome couple straked Hands,
 Meſſ JOHN ty'd up the Marriage Bands.
 With a fal, &c.

And our Bride's Maidens were na few,
 Wi' Tap-knots, Lug-knots, a' in blew,
 Frae Tap to Tae they were braw new,
 And blinkit bonnilie.
 Their Toys and Mutches were fae clean,
 They glanced in our Ladſes Een,
 With a fal, &c.

Sick Hirdum, Dirdum, and sic Din,
 Wi' he o'er her, and she o'er him;
 The Minſtrels they did never blin,
 Wi' meikle Mirth and Glee.
 And ay they bobit, and ay they beckt,
 And ay their Wames together met.
 With a fal, &c.

F L U T E.



How can I well describe the Joy when first I set my Eyes on
 one who only could employ my Thoughts in great surprize
 Charming Face Love exciteing comely Grace all delighting who
 can look on one so fair And not the force of Love declare

2

But when I labour'd to Address
 The Tenour of my Suit.
 Fear did my fault'ring speech oppres
 And I continu'd mute
 But, my Smart
 More abounded
 Cupids Dart
 Has me wounded
 And I longer can't conceal
 The Anguish for your sake I feel

3

Yet if you disregard my Pain
 I bid this World Adieu
 For all my Hopes of Life are vain
 If not sustaint by you
 With Disdain
 Do not grieve me
 See my Pain
 And relieve me
 Sure you can't severly treat
 A Lover dying at your Feet

Pity and Love should in the Fair
 Inseparably joyn
 To extricate from Deep Dispair
 Such Am'rous Hearts as mine
 Sweet Replys
 Kind Behaviour
 Pleasing Eyes
 Gentle Favour
 Are what Lovers must implore
 Or else they can exist no more

flute

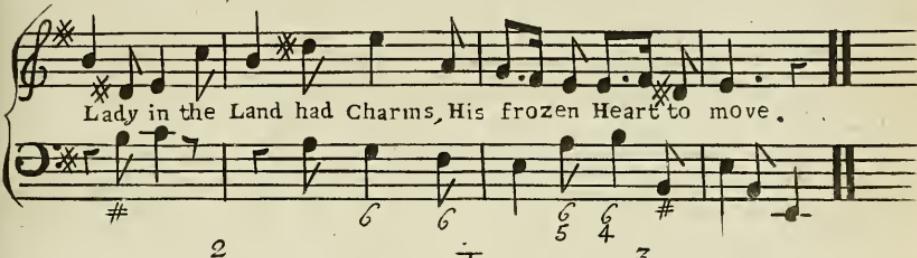
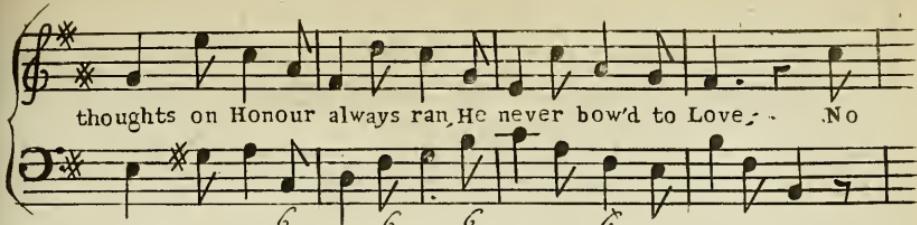
A handwritten musical score for a flute. It consists of six staves, each with a common time signature (indicated by a 'C') and an 8/8 time signature over the staff (indicated by a '8'). The music is composed of sixteenth-note patterns. The first two staves begin with a quarter note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The third staff begins with a eighth note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The fourth staff begins with a quarter note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The fifth staff begins with a eighth note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern. The sixth staff begins with a quarter note followed by a sixteenth-note pattern.

HENRY and KATHERINE Set by D. GREEN

A handwritten musical score for 'Henry and Katherine'. It consists of four staves, each with a common time signature (indicated by a 'C'). The music is composed of eighth-note patterns. The first staff begins with a quarter note followed by an eighth-note pattern. The second staff begins with a eighth note followed by an eighth-note pattern. The third staff begins with a quarter note followed by an eighth-note pattern. The fourth staff begins with a eighth note followed by an eighth-note pattern.

In Antient times in Britons Isle, Lord HENRY well was known: No
 Knight in all his Days more fam'd, Nor more deserv'd renouw: His

Vol III



Midst all the Nymphs where Katherine went
The fairest face She shows;
She was as Bright as Morning Sun,
And sweet as any Rose:
Although she was of low Degree,
She daily conquest gain'd,
For scarce a Youth who her beheld,
Escap't her Pow'r full chain.

But soon her Eyes their lustre lost,
Her Cheeks grew Pale and wan;
For Pining feiz'd her Beauteous form,
And cares were all in Vain:
This sicknes was to all unknown,
This did the fair one wast,
Her time in Sighs and floods of tears,
Or broken flumbers past.

4

Once in a Dream she call'd aloud,
O HENRY I'm undone,
O cruel Fate O helpless Maid,
My Love can ne'er be known:
But tis the Fate of Woman kind,
The truth we must conceal,
I'll die ten thousand thousand deaths,
Ere I my Love reveal.

5

A tender Friend who watch'd the Fair,
To HENRY hy'd away:
My Lord The crye we've found the Cause,
Of KATHERINES quick decay:
She in a dream the secret told,
Till now no Mortal knew,
Alas! She now expiring lies,
And dies for Love of you,

The gen'rous HENRY'S Soul was Struck
 His Heart began to flame
 O poor unhappy Maid he cry'd
 Yet I am not to blame
 O KATHERINE too too modest Nymph
 Thy Love I never knew
 I'll ease thy pain as swift as wind
 To her Bed side he flew

Awake he cry'd thou lovely Maid
 Awake awake my dear
 If I had only guest thy Love
 Thou ne'er hadst shed a tear
 Tis HENRY calls despair no more
 Renew thy wonted charms
 I'm come to call thee back from Death
 And take thee to my Arms

That word reviv'd the lifeless Maid
 She rais'd her drooping head
 And smiling on her long lov'd youth
 She started from the Bed
 Her Arms about his Neck she flung
 In Extasie she cry'd
 Will you be kind will you indeed
 Oh Love and so she dyd

flute

Come to my Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy thou spring
 of all our Joy without thy Aid without thy Aid without thy Aid all plea-
 -sure woud languish fade and Die Come come to my Arms Come to my
 Arms my Treasure thou spring of all our Joy Come to my Arms
 Come to my Arms come to my Arms my Treasure without thy Aid all
 pleasure woud languish fade and Die woud languish fade and Die

when Arm'd with thy assistance in vain is all resistance what
 Fair one can deny what Fair
 -ir one can Deny when Arm'd with thy assistance what Fair one
 can deny Then Charge a round the Glasses and thus we'll drink
 and Chaunt then thus we'll drink and Chaunt may all the dear
 may all the dear may all the dear kind laf ses have all they wish

A musical score for two voices (Soprano and Bass) in common time and F major. The vocal parts are separated by a basso continuo part.

The lyrics are:

and want fill fill fill a-round fill fill a-round the
Glasses And thus we'll drink and Chant fill fill a
round fill fill Around fill fill a-round the Glasses
may all the dear kind las-ses have
all they wish and want have all they wish and
want

To a Young LADY Weeping by a Gentleman of OXFORD

Behold the skilful Artists Hand Controul our Passions at Command
 And with a single Note impart Or Pain or Pleasure to the Heart

Or what een Contradictiton seems
 Blend and unite these two Extreams
 And by a fadly pleasing Strain
 Give us at once both Joy and Pain

Thus while with Tears o'erflow thine Eyes
 While that dear Bosom heaves with sighs
 Between two diff'rent Passions tost
 I know not which controuls me most

Who sees That Face in Grief appear
 Nor drops a Sympathetick Tear
 Yet still our Joys just Ballance keep
 Blefs'd in Thy Presence who can weep

Set to Musick by M^r Carey ¹³⁷

Adagio

Oh Jealousy

Thou raging Pain where shall I find my Peace a gain where shall I

find where shall I find my Peace again

Revenge and Hate for this Ingrate torment and tear my

Breast my wounding Woes refuse Repose gone gone for E - ever

is my Rest

Vol III



The Faithfull LOVERS Farewell . Set by M^r LAMPE

Alas it is by fate or daind that I must leave your Charm's And

what you wish'd you've now obtain'd you'll have no more Alarms of

Amorous sighs of humble Bows which you oft thoug't to bold I

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go where Ice like Mountains grows And Summer's self is cold

Yet as your cold Disdain exceeds
 The hardest Winters Frost
 If my Heart freezes then or Bleeds
 No matter where I'm lost
 You mind not my despairing Cries
 And care not for my Rest
 The Fire you carry in your Eyes
 Does warm Another's Breast.

But no I will no more Complain
 Of what your Scorn has Done
 Since Absence cannot cure my Pain
 Therefore when I am gone
 Pray think that none will be so true
 Or really loves you more
 And take this for my last Adieu
 I part but still adore

Flute

The musical score for the flute consists of four staves of music. The first three staves are in common time (indicated by a 'C') and the fourth staff is in 2/4 time (indicated by a '2'). The key signature is F major (one sharp). The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes having horizontal dashes through them. The first three staves end with a double bar line, while the fourth staff ends with a single bar line.

Set by Mr. In: Hams

Why CLOE will you Au thor be of such un -

equal harm to blow my Heart in to a flame whey yours

I cannot warm Give equal Pitty e - qual Love to

Iustice more in cline your own de - fires more ard - ent

make or quite Extinguish or quite Ex - tinguish mine Ex -

- tinguish mine

The Complaint Set by D - Fox

141

You little Pleasing Gods of Love that dwells with in this shady Grove

Why did you bind my Faithfull Heart to one ^t care not for my Smart

When Last to her I did Complain
She only did My Love Disdain
For geting all the Vows she made
When My poor Heart was firft Betray'd

The stars above my Witnes was
When she did Make thofe Solemn Vowes
That None but me her Love shou'd share
And now she's left me to despair

Since she's forfworn and perjur'd grown
And doth my Constant heart Disown
Away to fome Desert I'll Fly
And there will Languish till I die

Flute

Vol III

Would you live a stale Virgin for ever sure you're out of your
 fenses or these are pretences can you part with a person so
 Clever in troth you are highly to blame and you M^r
 Lover to trifle I thought that a soldier was Wiser and
 Bolder a Warriour should plunder and rifle a
 Captain oh fye for shame Da Capo
 Vol III

Flute



A Hymn to Venus

Sheet music for a vocal piece titled "A Hymn to Venus". The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and includes lyrics in English. The vocal part is written in soprano clef, and the piano accompaniment is in alto clef.

Blest as th'immortal Gods is he The Youth who

Fondly fits by thee who hears and Sees thee

all the while Softly Speak and Sweetly Smile ..

Twas this deprived my Soul of rest and rais'd such tumults
 in my breast That when I gaz'd with Transports lost my
 breath was gone my voice was lost.

My bosom glow'd the subtle flame
 Run quickly thro' my vital frame
 O'er my dim Eyes a darkness hung
 My Ears with hollow murmurs rung
 In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd
 My Blood with gentle horrors thrill'd
 My feeble pulse forgot to play
 I fainted sunk and dy'd away .

Flute

A Hunting SONG by Mr. CAREY.

HARK! away 'tis the merry ton'd Horn, Calls the Hunters all up with the Morn:

To the Hills and the Woodlands we steer, To unharbour the out lying Deer.

Minuet

Chorus of Huntmen And all the Day long, this, this is our Song, Still hallowing and

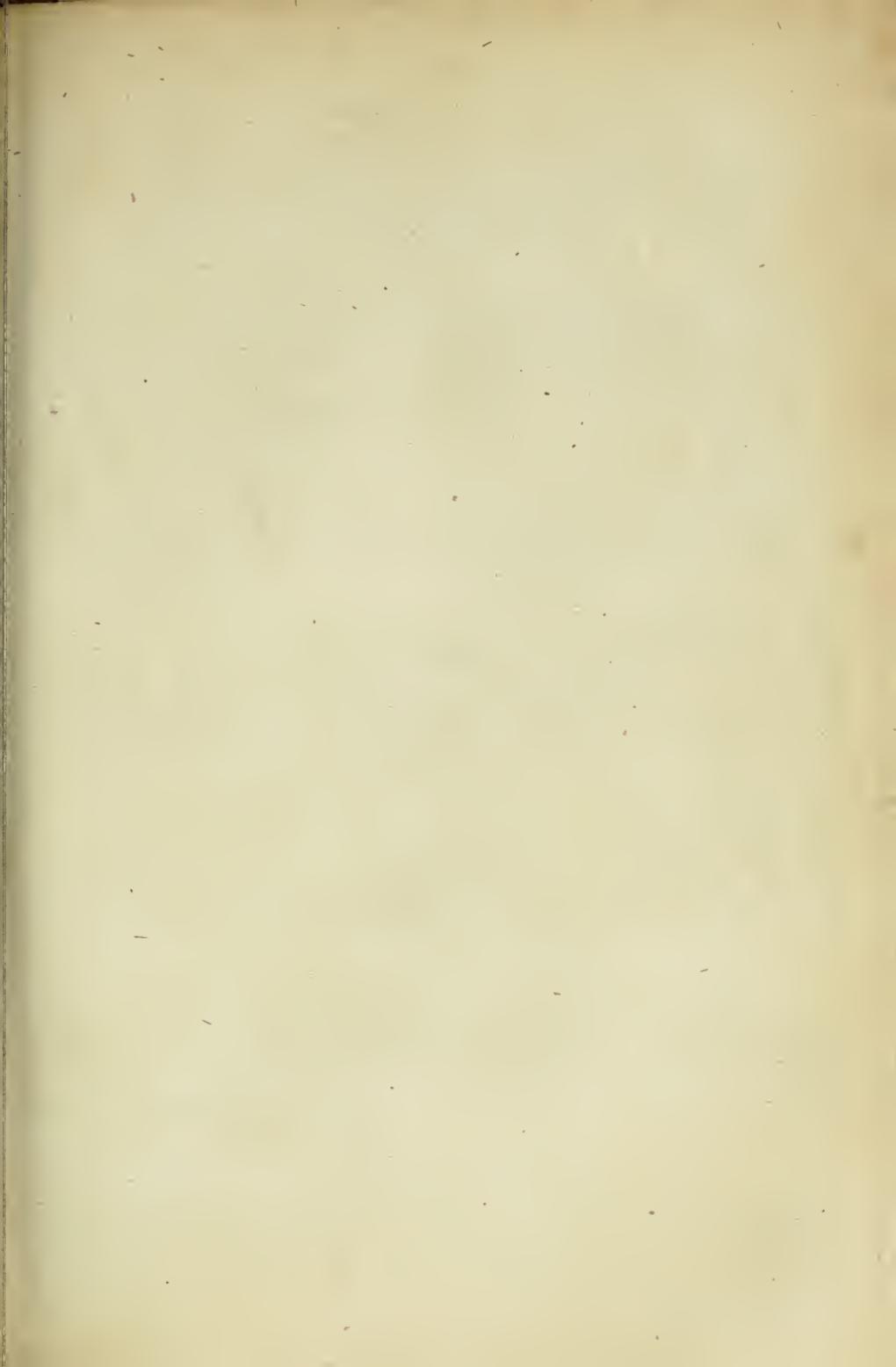
following, to frolic and free: Our Joys know no bounds while we after y

Hounds, no mortals on earth are so jolly as we.

Roundy Woods when we beat, how we glow,
While the Hills they all echo Hillo!
With a bounce from his Cover when he flies,
Then our shouts they resound to the Skies
(Chorus) And all the day long &c.

When we sweep o'er the Valleys, or climb,
Up the Heath breathing mountain sublime,
What a joy from our labours we feel,
Which alone they who taste can reveal
(Chorus) And all the day long &c.







The
British Musical Miscellany;
or, the
Delightful Grove:

Being a Collection of Celebrated
English, and Scotch Songs.

By the best Masters.
Set for the Violin, German
Flute, the Common Flute,
and Harpsicord.

VOL. IV.

Engraven in a fair Character, and
Carefully Corrected.

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& Instrument maker to his Majesty, at the Harp & Hoboy,
in Catherine Street, in the Strand. N° 571.

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Voices. Collected from the late Operas. Compos'd by M' Handel.

A. Wrightson. Dublin 1833.

\mathcal{G}_r

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A SONG to a Favourite MINUET of MR. HANDEL'S.

The musical score consists of three staves of music. The top staff is in common time (indicated by '3/4') and has lyrics: "STAY, Shepherd, stay; I prithee stay; Did not you see her." The middle staff is also in common time (indicated by '3/4') and has lyrics: "go this way; Where can she be, can you not gueſſ?" The bottom staff is in common time (indicated by '3/4') and has lyrics: "Alas! I've lost my Shepherdefſ!"

I fear some Satyr has betray'd
My wand'ring Nymph out of the Shade:
Oh! woe is me, I am undone!
For in the Shade she was my Sun.

The Pink, the Violet, and the Rose,
Strive to salute her as ſhe goes;
Nay, be content to kiſſ her Shoe,
The Frimroſe, and the Daify too.

Oh! woe is me! what muſt I do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Methinks the Valleys cry, forbear,
And fighing ſay, ſhe is not here.

Oh! what ſhall I, unhappy, do?
Or who muſt I complain unto?
Where may ſhe be, can you not gueſſ?
Where may I find my Shepherdefſ?

A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

LUCINDA, close, or vail' those eyes, Where thousand Loves in

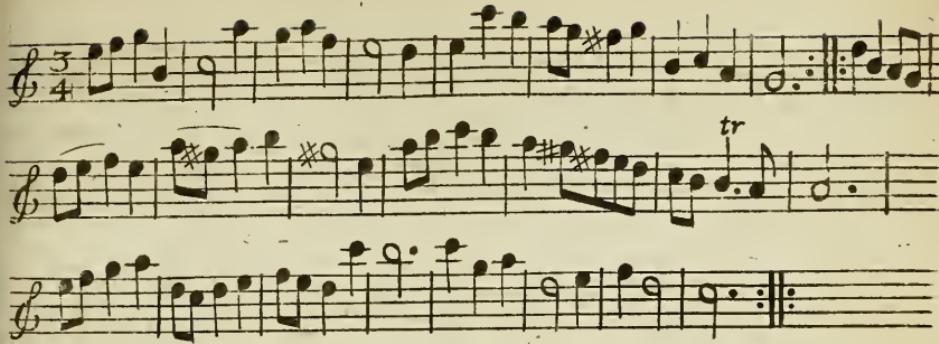
ambush lies; Where Darts are pointed with such skil, they're

sure to hurt, if not to kill: Let pity move thee

to seem blind, Lest seeing, thou destroy Mankind.

LUCINDA, hide that swelling Breast,
 The PHœNIX, else will change her Nest;
 Yet do not, for when she expires,
 Her heat may light in the soft fires,
 Of love and pity: so that I,
 By this one way may thee enjoy.

FLUTE.



A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

THE heavy hours are al-most past, That part my Love and
 me: My longing Eyes may hope at last, Their only wish to
 fee, Their on-ly wish to see.

tr

* 5 4 *

But how my CLOE, will you meet
 The Man you've lost so long;
 Will Love in all your Pulses beat,
 And tremble on your tongue.

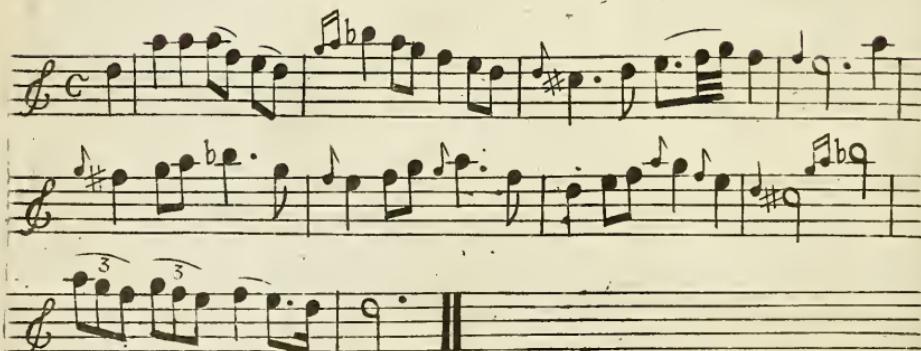
Will you, in ev'ry look declare,
 Your Heart is still the same;
 And heal each idle, anxious Care,
 Our fears in absence frame.

Thus, CLOE, thus I paint a Scene,
 When shortly we shall meet,
 And try what yet remains between,
 Of loit'ring Time to cheat.

But if the Dream that sooths my mind,
 Shall false, and groundles prove;
 If I am doom'd at last to find,
 You have forgot to Love.

All I implore of Heav'n, is this,
 No more to let us join;
 But grant me now the flatt'ring Blis,
 To die, and think you mine.

FLUTE.



ROGER'S COURSHIP.

Set by MR. CAREY.

5

Young ROGER came tapping at DOLLY's window. Tumpaty.

Tumpaty. Tump. He begg'd for admittance, She answer'd him no.

Glumpaty. Glumpaty. Glump. My DOLLY, my Dear, your true Love is

here. Dumpaty. Dumpaty. Dump. No, no, ROGER, no, as' you

came you may go. Slumpaty. Slumpaty. Slump.

Oh! then she recall'd, and recall'd him again. Humpaty &c.
 whilst he, like a Mad-Man, ran over the Plain. Slumpaty &c.
 Oh! what is the reason, dear DOLLY, he cry'd. Humpaty &c.
 That thus I'm cast off, and unkindly deny'd. Trumpaty &c.

6

Some Rival more dear, I gues's has been here. Crumpaty &c.
Suppose there's been two Sir, pray what's that to you Sir. Numpaty &c.
Oh! then with a Sigh; his sad farewell he took. Humpaty &c.
And all Despair, he leap't into the Brook. Plumpaty &c.

His courage he cool'd, he found himself fool'd. Mumpaty &c.
He swam to the shore, and saw DOLLY no more. Rumpaty &c.
Determin'd to find a Damosell more kind. Plumpaty &c.
While DOLLY's afraid, she must die an Old Maid. Mumpaty &c.

A SONG Set by Mr. SAMS.

How happy are they, are belov'd and o-bey the Laws of Love's
sweet, tho' tyrannical sway. They're proud of their Bondage, and
smile on their Chains, a happy short Minute rewards all their Pains.

How wretched we seem,
When the Bliss we esteem,
Is so quickly pass'd o'er with a Thought or a Dream;
There's not so desir'd, and there's nothing so cloys,
As the sweetest of Meats, and the sweetest of Joys.

A SONG on PRINCESS AMELIA.

Aid me, ye Nymphs and Swains to sing,
And every tuneful throng,
The Daughter of great PAN, our King,
AMELIA claims our Song:
Let every Grove and Valley ring,
And warble every Tongue.

But oh all accents must prove faint,
To speak her charming Grace,
What mortal fancy e'er cou'd paint,
What artfull tongue express,
Her comely Features lively teint,
Or Cupids in her Face.

Nor fierce, nor languid are her Eyes,
 Her Lips the Rubies deck;
 From Beds of Lillies, Roses rise,
 To blush upon her Cheek:
 Her flowing Locks, the Chesnut dyes,
 To shade her snowy Neck.

Her Mind is solid, quick, and clear,
 Her Heart's of Grace a flame;
 And Innocence gives such an Air,
 To all her Beauteous frame:
 That Virtuous, Witty, easy, fair,
 In her seem all the same.

When she deigns with her rural Host,
 To Dance, or tune the Lyre,
 'Tis hard to say, whose move the most,
 They all so much admire:
 And yet her Air is so compos'd.
 She fans no fatal fire.

The Nymphs and Shepherds thro' the Plain,
 Her Will with joy obey,
 With guiltless ardour ev'ry Swain,
 Submits to her soft sway;
 She pleases all, they please again,
 She's blest, and happy they.

F L U T E .

The musical score consists of three staves of music for Flute. The top staff uses common time (indicated by 'C') and treble clef. The middle staff uses common time and bass clef. The bottom staff uses common time and bass clef, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music includes various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes connected by beams. The first two staves begin with a forte dynamic, while the third staff begins with a piano dynamic.

When Yielding first to DAMONS flame I sunk in

to his Arms he swore he'd ever be the same then Rifled

all my Charms But fond of what he'd long de-

fir'd Too Greedy of his Prey My Shepherds flame a

las Expir'd before the verge of Day

My Innocence in Lovers Wars
 Reproach'd his Quick Defeat
 Confus'd Asham'd and bath'd in Tears
 I mourn'd his cold Retreat
 At length Ah Shepherdess Cry'd he
 Wou'd you my Fire Renew
 Alas you must Retreat like me
 I'm lost if you pursue

How welcome my Shepherd how welcome to me is
 ev'ry Oc-casion of meeting with thee but when thou art Absent how
 Joyles am I methinks I contented could sit down and dye I
 rail at the Hours that so slowly they move while I'm at a Distance from
 all that I Love then weeping complain of my ill natur'd Fate Re
 pine at my being and curse my sad State I

With trifling Amusements I sometime beguile
 My cares for a Moment and Carefully smile
 But quickly thy Image returns to my Soul
 And in my sad Bosom new Hurricane's roll
 No Joy can be lasting when thou art not here
 Thy Presence alone can thy Shepherdess cheer
 Thy Looks like the sun chace all Vapours aways
 And Blest with thy Sight I could always be Gay.

How happy am I while upon thee I gaze
 How pleas'd with the Beauty that shines in thy Face
 What Charms do I find in thy Person and air
 And if you converse I for ever could hear
 The oftner I see you the more I approve
 The Choice I have made and am fixd in my Love
 For Merit like yours still brighter is shewn
 And more must be vallu'd the more it is known.

To live in a Cottage with thee I would chuse
 And Crowns for thy sake I should gladly refuse
 Not all the vast Treasures of Wealthy Peru
 To me would seem Precious if ballanc'd with you
 For all my ambition to thee is confind
 And nothing could please me if thou wert unkind
 Then faithfully love me and Happier I'll be
 Than plac'd on a Throne if to reign without Thee

flute

A handwritten musical score for flute, consisting of four staves of music. The music is written in common time (indicated by 'C') and uses a treble clef. The first three staves begin with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The fourth staff begins with a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The score includes various musical markings such as slurs, grace notes, and dynamic changes. The first three staves end with a repeat sign and a double bar line, indicating a section to be repeated. The fourth staff ends with a single bar line and a repeat sign, followed by a section labeled 'S.' (likely 'Soprano').

My Apron Deary

Twas forth in a Morning a Morning of MAY A Soldier and his Mis
tress were walking a stray And Low down by yon Meadow Brow I
heard a Lass cry MY A - PRON NOW

O had I ta'en Counsel of Father or Mother Thy Apron DEARY I must confess
Or had I taen Counsel of Sister or Brother Is something shorter tho naething left
But I was a young Thing and easy to woo I only was wi ye a Night or Two.
And my Belly bears up MY APRON NOW And yet you cry out MY APRON NOW

My Apron is made of lineum Twine
Well set about wi pearling Syne
I think it Great pity my Babe should tyne
And I'll row it in my Apron fine

flute

Set by Mr. Smith

13

A musical score for two voices and piano. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the bottom staff is for the alto voice, and the right hand of the piano is shown in the middle staff. The music consists of three staves, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a '3' over a '2'). The vocal parts are in 3/4 time. The lyrics are as follows:

Why Cruel Creature why so bent to vex a tender Heart
To Gold and Title you Relent love Throws in Vain his Dart.

Yet Glittering Fools in Courts be great
For Pay let Armies Move
Beauty should have no other Bait
But Gentle Vows and Love

If on those Endless Charms you lay
The Value that's there Due
Kings are themselfe to poor to pay
A Thousand Worlds to Few

But if a passion with out Vice
Without Disguise or Art
Ah CELIA if True love's your Price
Behold it in my Heart

FLUTE

A musical score for flute. It consists of two staves, each with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of common time (indicated by a '3' over a '2'). The flute part is in 3/4 time. The music is continuous across both staves.

A SONG to a Favourite AIR of MR HANDELL'S

CLO - E when I view thee S mi - ling Toys Cælestial round
 me Move Pleasing Visions Care be-gui - ling gaurd my State and
 crown my Love To behold thee gayly shining is a Pleas - ure
 past defi - ning every Feature charms my Sight but O
 Heav'ns when I'm caref - - ing Thrilling Raptures nei - ver
 cea - sing Fill my foul with soft Delight

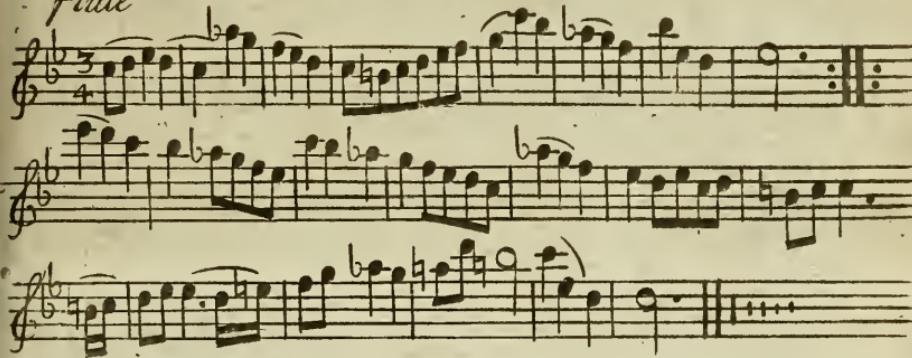
The musical score consists of six staves of music, each with a different vocal line. The staves are arranged vertically, corresponding to the lyrics written below them. The music is in common time and includes various note values such as eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal parts are labeled as Soprano, Alto, and Bass, though only one line is explicitly labeled on each staff.

Oh thou Lovely dearest Creature
Sweetest Charmer Enslaver of my Heart
Beauteous Master piece of Nature
Cause of all my Joy and smart
. In thy Arms enfold me lay me

To dissolving Blis convey me
Softly Sooth my Soul to Rest
Gently Kindly O! my Treasure
Bless me let me dye with Pleasure
On thy Panting Snowy Breast

15

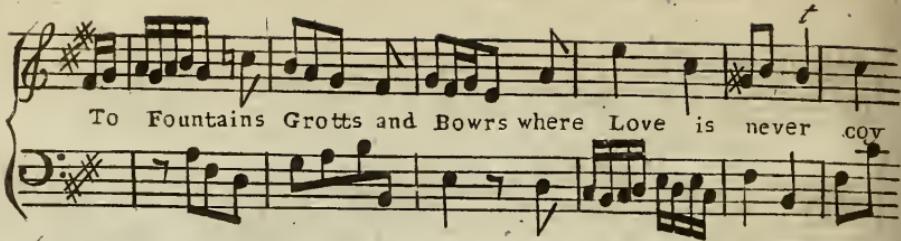
flute



Set to Musick by Mr. Carey

Haste hast ye little Loves ye gentle

Zephyrs fly Bring with you ve- nus Doves & wast him Throug^e Sky



where Days shall seem but Hours and Time be kill'd with Joy.

O teach me e'ry Art
And lend me e'er Grace
Within his Frozen Heart
To give my Paſſion place

Gay Goddess of Desire
Or make Aurora bleſt
Or quench at once Loves Fire
And tear him from my Breast.

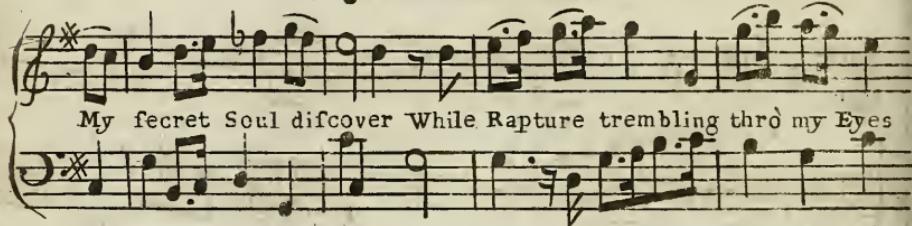
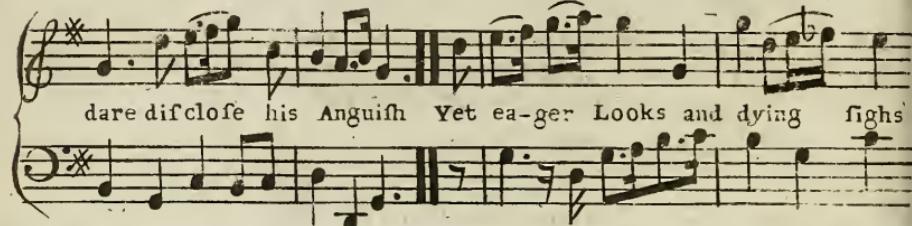
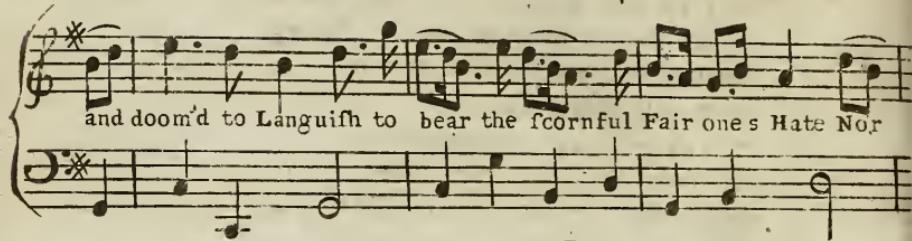
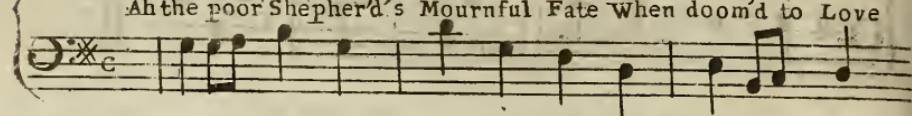
flute

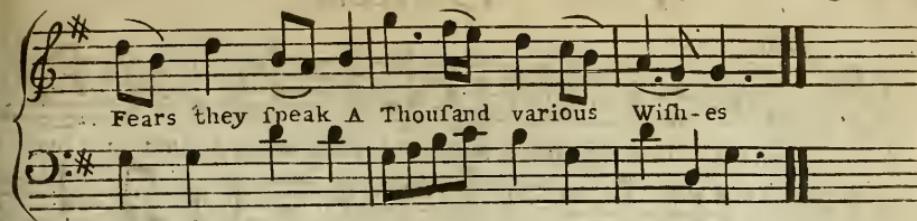
The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time, featuring two voices (Soprano and Bass) and a continuo basso part. The vocal parts are written in soprano and bass clef, with dynamic markings like forte and piano. The continuo part is indicated by a basso clef and a cello-like staff. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with some words underlined or in bold. The score is set against a background of horizontal lines.

CYNTHIA frowns when ere I woe her Yet she's vex't If
 I give over Yet she's vex't If I give over Much the fears I
 should un do her but much more to lose her Lover
 thus in Doubting she Re-fuses and not Winning
 thus she looses

Prythee CYNTHIA look behind you
 Age and Wrinkles will o're take you
 Then to late Desire will find you
 When the power must forfaze you
 Think O think O the sad Condition
 To be past yet wish Fruition

Galla Shiel's





For oh that Form so heavenly fair
 Those languid Eyes so sweetly smiling
 That Artless Blush and Modest Air
 So fatally beguiling
 Thy ev'ry Look and ev'ry Grace
 So charm when e'er I view thee
 Till Death o'er take me in the Chase
 Still will my Hopes pursue thee
 Then when my tedious Hours are past
 Be this last Blessing giv'n
 Low at thy Feet to breathe my Last
 And die in Sight of Heav'n

The EXPOSTULATION .

O loveliest Fair to you my Song in Warbling Numbers flows For
 you in spire my grateful Tongue And dis-sipate my Woes My Mind
 when you with Rays divine In-spi — re does like you shine

At once reveal my cruel Fate
 And let me know the Worst
 I'll arm my self against your Hate
 And bear to be Accurst
 If't must be so my Doom I'll hear
 These Doubts I cannot Bear.

Soon as my drooping Eyes I raise
 To view your charming Face
 O'erwhelm'd with Joy lost in Amaze
 I Blefs each sparkling Grace
 My raptur'd Soul springs to my Eyes
 And tell mv Fears and Jovs

How long O loveliest Fair how long
 Shall I my suff'rings bear
 Why do you thus my Passion wrong
 And sink me in Despair
 Now lifted high now sunk as low
 You Plunge me still in Woe

Poor Mariners when storms run high
 Like Terrors undergo
 Sometimes they're Wafted to the Sky
 Then Plung'd in Sands below
 No more torment me but be kind
 And cure my Troubled Mind

flute



21

A Favourite Song by Mr. Handel

Musical score for a three-part setting (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in common time, featuring various key signatures (G major, C major, F major, D major, etc.) indicated by Roman numerals and sharps. The vocal parts are accompanied by a basso continuo part.

The lyrics are as follows:

see my Charmer flies me unkindly she denies me and strives to give me
pain and strives to give me pain and strives to give me

Vol IV

see see my Charmer fly's me see she fly's me
 and strives to give me pain see see my Charmer fly's
 me fee
 see my Charmer fly's me unkindly she denies me see see my Charmer

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of eight staves of music. The top two staves are for the voice, the bottom two are for the piano, and the middle two are divided between the two. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line includes lyrics such as "fly's me and strives to give me pain to give me pain see my Charmer fly's me and strives to give me Pain" and "Shall I pursue my". The piano part features various chords and bass notes, with some measure numbers (e.g., 6, 5, 4, 3, 6, 6, 45, 6, 43, 45) written above the staff. The score is written on aged paper.

fly's me and strives to give me pain to give me pain see
see my Charmer fly's me and strives to give me Pain
Shall I pursue my

ruin and court my own undoing and court my own undoing or
 4 3 6 6 6 6 6 7 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her disdain shall I pursue my
 6 4# 6 6 6 6 6 6 5

ruin and court my own undoing or laugh at her disdain or
 6 6 6 6 6 6

laugh at her disdain or laugh at her Difdain Da Capo
 6 4 3 6 6 #

Con spirito

TAKE advice, my Gallant Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses
never fail her, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair. Take advice, my Gallant
Sailor, In attacking of the Fair; With addresses never fail her, Stick to the
Text and ne'er despair, Stick to the Text and ne'er despair.

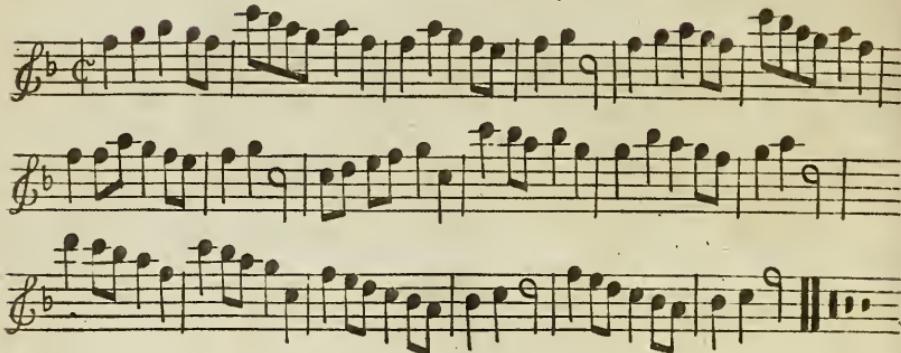
If your CLOE flights the Passion,
The Wind may change from cold to hot;
Women fickle, 'tis the fashion,
Champain soon makes that forgot.

In a Bumper Toast the Charmer,
Froth and sprinkle to the brim;
Sigh on her Breast till you disarm her,
For to Love, my Friend's no Sin.

If this Cruel frowns with rancour,
Most fullingly will not comply;
In her harbour don't drop Anchor,
To a gentler Climate fly.

Better Ship-wreckt on a Shore,
 Distant from your native Lands,
 Than ever see your CLOE more,
 Squeez'd and prest by Rival's hands.

FLUTE.



The FAITHFUL MARINER. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.

To you who live at Home at Ease, And Revel in Delight; To you who

live at Home at Ease, And Revel in Delight; We Mariners that sail the

Seas, Befriended by a gen---le Breeze, To you we thus Indite.

Let all your Perturbations die,
 Your private Feuds allay;
 Let ev'ry Animosity
 For ever in Oblivion lye,
 Now we are gone to Sea.

When forked Light'ning flies amain,
 And Thunder splits our Mast;
 Think then what Dangers we sustain,
 Compell'd by you to cross the Main,
 For Humane Frailties past.

I hope to see my Dear once more,
 Tho' I my Voy'ge pursue;
 Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
 To waft me from BRITANNIA's Shore,
 I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,
 Nor poysn'd INDIAN Dart;
 But while engag'd in Hostile Arms,
 I'll be inspir'd by MOLLY's Charms,
 With whom I leave my Heart.

When having suffer'd an Exile,
 And favour'd by the Wind;
 Enrich'd with CAROLINA's spoyl,
 And coasting for my Native Isle,
 Perhaps she'll then prove kind.

F L U T E.

The musical score consists of three staves of music for flute. The first two staves are in common time and G major, indicated by a treble clef and a C-sharp sign respectively. The third staff begins in common time and G major, indicated by a bass clef and a C-sharp sign. The music features various note heads, stems, and rests, with some notes connected by beams. The first two staves are identical, while the third staff begins with a different rhythmic pattern.

PHILLIS, talk no more of Passion, Words a lone want Pow'r to move:
 She that flies a fair Occasion, Never shou'd pretend to Love.

Honour, that so oft you boast on,
 Love possessing once the Mind,
 Only is a vain Pretension,
 Women use that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,
 Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;
 She, who long persists denying,
 Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades possessing,
 By her silly Doubts betray'd;
 When she'd yield to share the Blessing,
 May, neglected, dye a Maid.

F L U T E.

A SONG Set by Mr. SCRIMSHAW.

29

Largo

Largo

Ah! how sweet it is to Love, Ah! how gay is young Desire;

And what pleasing Pains we prove, When first we feel a Lover's fire.

Pains of Love are sweeter far, Then all other Pleasures are, Pains of

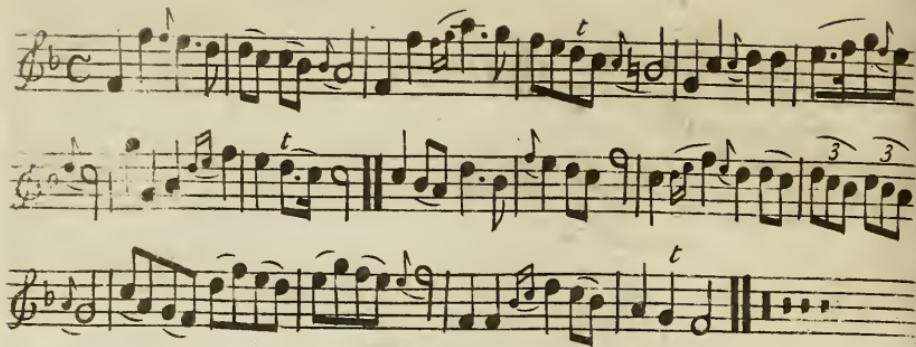
Love are sweeter far, Than all other Pleasures are.

Sighs which are from Lovers blown,
Do but gently heave the Heart;
E'en the Tears they shed alone,
Cure, like trickling Balm, their smart.
Lovers when they lose their Breath,
Bleed away an easy Death.

Love, and Time, with Rev'rence use,
Treat 'em like a parting Friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,
Which in Youth sincere they send:
For each Year their Price is more,
And they less simple than before:

Love, like Spring-Tides, full and high,
 Swells in ev'ry youthful vein:
But each Tide does less supply,
 'Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in Age appear,
 'Tis but Rain, and runs not clear.

FLUTE.



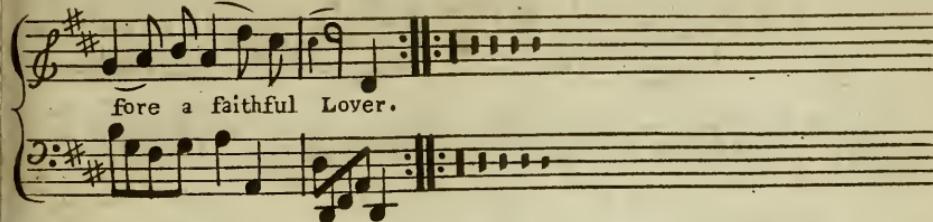
The Bonny Scot.

YE Gales that gently wave the Sea, And please the can-ny

Boat-man, Bear me frae hence, or bring to me, My brave, my

bonny Scot-Man: In ha-ly Bands we join'd our Hands, Yet

may not this dif-co ver, While Parents rate a large Estate, Be-



But I loor chuse in HIGHLAND Glens,
 To herd the Kid and Goat-Man,
 E'er I cou'd for sic little Ends,
 Refuse my bonny Scot-Man.
 Wae worth the Man,
 wha first began,
 The base ungenerous Fashion,
 Frae greedy Views,
 Love's Art to use,
 While Strangers to its Passion.

From foreign Fields, my lovely Youth.
 Haste to thy longing Lassie.
 Wha pants to press thy bawmy Mouth,
 And in her Bosom hawse thee.
 Love gi'es the Word,
 Then haste on Board,
 Fair Winds and tenty Boat-Man.
 Waft o'er, waft o'er,
 Frae yonder Shore,
 My blyth, my bonny Scot Man.

FLUTE.



The MOCK SONG Sung by MR. ROBERTS at the Theatre.
Royal in DRURY LANE.

THE Italian Nymphs and Swains, that adorn the Op'ra Stage, With their

Ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. So sweetly they Engage, that we die upon their

Strains, With a ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. ha. Their ha. ha. ha. ha. with-

out a grain of Sence, Has mollify'd our Brains, and we're fobb'd out of our

Pence, with their ha. ha. ha. &c.

Ad Libitum

But I hope the time will come, when their Favourers will find.
With a Ha. ha. ha. &c.
They have paid too great a Sum to Italian Pipes for Wind.
With a Ha. ha. ha. &c.
When English Wit again, and Merit too shall thrive.
And Men of Fortune to support that Wit and Merit strive.
In spite of Ha. ha. ha. &c.

The Charms of Beauty Set by M^r. Whichillo ³³

The Charms that blooming Beauty shows From Faces heav'nly fair
We to the Lilly and the Rose with Semblance Apt Compare.

With Semblance Apt for ah. how soon
How soon they all decay.

The Lilly droops the Rose is gone
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue shines confess
With sweet Discretion joind
When Mildness calms the peaceful Breast
And Wisdom guides the Mind

When Charms like these dear Maid conspire
Thy Person to Approve
They kindle generous chaste Desire
And everlasting Love

Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate
These Graces shall endure
Still like the Passion they create
Eternal constant pure

flute

A musical score for flute, consisting of two staves of music notation.

A Sea Song Set by D^r. Pepusch

Hark hark methink I hear the Sea men call The Bloistrous feathen
 say Bright CASTABELLA come away The Wind fits fair y Vessel's bout
 tall Bright Castabella come away for Time and Tide can never stay

Our mighty Master NEPTUNE calls aloud
 The ZEPHYRS gently blow
 The TRITONS cry You are too flow
 For ev'ry Sea Nymph of the glittering Crowd
 Has Garlands ready to throw down
 When you ascend your wat'ry Throne

See fee she comes she comes and now adieu
 Let's bid adieu to shore
 And to whate'er we feard before
 O CASTABELLA we depend on you
 On you our better Fortunes lay
 Whom both the Winds and Seas obey

Flute

The Happy Meeting

35

A handwritten musical score for 'The Happy Meeting' featuring two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music consists of six lines of musical notation with corresponding lyrics written below each line.

Be - neath the shady Willow Trees Upon the Mofsy

Green where Zephyr fanns with gentle Breeze And

Jefmin Groves are seen Where circling Woodbines

rise and where Unplanted Myr - tle Grows And

where the whole re - voly - ing Year Each

gliding Riv - let flows

Where blushing Roses do abound
 And Lillies raise their Heads
 And Violets diffuse around
 Sweet Fragrance from their Beds
 There near a gentle purling Brook
 Was Mournful STREPHON laid
 Neglected was his Silver Crook
 He dying for a Maid

Adieu to all this verdant Grove
 And Chrystral Streams said he
 Adieu to my ungrateful Love
 Whom I shall never see
 But yet I'll Blefs that Charming Face
 E'en with my parting Breath
 That shines with such Majestick Grace
 From whence procdes my Death.

When SILVIA found his Love was true
 She quick flew to his Arms
 Said she no one on Earth but you
 Shall e'er posseſs my Charms
 Then did the Happy Couple stay
 In this Delightful Grove
 And paſt'd the bliſſful Hours away
 In pleafing Acts of Love.

FLUTE

flute

A Favourite air by Mr. Handel ³⁷

Gazing on my Idol Treasure all my Soul is lost in Joy

all my Soul is lost in Joy

A handwritten musical score for three voices. The top two voices are soprano and alto, both in treble clef, and the bottom voice is basso continuo in bass clef. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts have lyrics written below them. The basso continuo part includes a bassoon-like line and a cello/bass line.

all my soul is lost in Joy

Gaz - ing

on my Idol Treasure all my soul is lost in

Joy all my Soul is lost in Joy all my Soul

A handwritten musical score for two voices and piano. The score consists of eight staves. The top two staves are for the soprano voice, the middle two for the alto voice, and the bottom two for the piano. The piano part includes bass and treble clef staves with various dynamics and performance instructions. The vocal parts contain lyrics in a mix of English and French. The score is written in common time with a key signature of one sharp.

all my soul all all all my soul is lost in Ioy
all my
Soul is lost in Ioy
The af-

fords eternal Pleasure eternal Plea - - -
 6 5

sure and can never never cloy
 6 6 6 6 4 5 6 6 6 6

the af-fords eter-nal Pleasure
 6 G 6 # 6 6 # 6 6 6

and can never no ne ver Cloy Da Capo
 6 # 6 6 4 # 5

CÆLIA with an Artful Care treats her poor unhappy Lover

6 6 # 6 7 6

The for bids me to dispair yet my sighs and Tears can't

5 6 8 5 3

move her CÆLIA if you'd eafe my pain grant the

6 6 # 6 2 6 8

favour or deny it since I court your Smiles in

6 4 6 6 95 6 6

Vain let a Frown re store my quiet

6 5

Kind CUPID now relieve me with frowns no longer grieve me but
 with Compassion move her to soften her Disdain Kind CUPID
 Now relieve me with Frowns no longer grieve me but with Com-
 passion move her but with Compassion move her to soften her dis-
 dain to Soften her dis-
 dain to sof- ten to soften her dis-

The score consists of eight staves of music. The top two staves are for the Soprano and Alto voices. The bottom two staves are for the Bass voice and the Piano/Double Bass. The piano part is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef with a 'P' for piano. The bass part has a bass clef and a bass staff. The music is in common time. Various dynamics and performance instructions are included, such as 'f' (forte), 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'p' (piano), 'soft', 'dissolve', and 'sustained note'. Figured bass notation is provided below the bass staff.

- dain to soften her Disdain
 Hard fate I had to woe her condemn'd thus to pur
 sue her like TANTALUS for e - ver Striving but all in
 Vain like TANTALUS for e - ver Striving but
 all in Vain like TANTALUS for
 Ever Striving but all in Vain Da Capo

The Gentry to the Kingshead go the Nobles to the Crown the
 Knight you'l att the Garter find and att the Plough the Clown but
 well beat Ev'ry Bush Boys in Hunting of good Wine And Value
 not a Rush Boys my Landlord or his Signe

The Bishop to the Miter goes
 The Sailor to the Star
 The Parson Topes beneath the Rose
 Att the Trumpett Men of War, But well

The Bankrupt to the World End roams
 No Fair the Feather Scorns
 The Lawyer to the Devil runs
 The Tradefman to the Horns
 But well

The Words and Musick by F. R.

Revengful thoughts on CLOES Pride Her Affectations Spring fix'd
Resolution thus to Chide And leave the great gay Thing

2

Thou only truly self adord
Nature Alas! in vain
Does now her Master piece afford
While you her Beauties stain

3

Big With Conceit of Conquests great
False Graces you alarm
But ah how treacherous they retreat
And do their Chief disarm

4

Yet if Contentment CLOE can
In fancy'd Triumphs find
Despair not Conquest to obtain
Flattery weak and Blind

5

Leave to Contend with truth and Sense
Too Mighty to Oppose
And smiling Obling War Commence
With Coxcombs Fools and Beaux

Flute

vol IV

Oh Ioy a-

bate thy Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport

stay to bear my Soul away

Oh Ioy Ioy a-bate the

VOL. IV.

A handwritten musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and basso continuo. The music is in common time, with various clefs (G, F, C) and key signatures. The vocal parts have lyrics, while the basso continuo part consists of bass notes and some markings like 'x' and 'z'. The score is divided into five systems by vertical bar lines.

Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Tran-

sports stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy a-bate thy

Tide in gentler currant glide or let thy Transport stay to

bear my soul away - - - - - or

let thy Transport stay to bear my soul a-way O Ioy

a bate thy tide in gentler currant glide in gentler
 currant glide O who would longer live if longer still to
 live one Moment spent with you is wor...
 th is worth an Age of woe D.C.

The SAILOR'S COMPLAINT.

The musical score consists of five staves of music in common time (indicated by '3' over '4') and a key signature of one sharp. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

- Staff 1: Come and listen to my Ditty, All ye jolly Hearts of Gold; Lend a
- Staff 2: Brother Tarr your pity, Who was once so Stout and Bold! But the
- Staff 3: Arrows of CUPID, A-las! has made me rue; Sure true
- Staff 4: love was ne'er so treated, As I am by scornful SUE.

When I landed first at Dover,
She appear'd a Goddess bright;
From Foreign Parts I was just come over,
And was struck with feare & sight:
On the shore pretty SUE,
Near to where our Frigates lay,
And altho' so near the landing,
I, alas! was cast away.

When first I hal'd my pretty Creature,
The delight of Land and Sea;
No man ever saw a sweeter,
I'd have kept her company;

I'd have fain made her my True Love,
 For Better, or for Worse;
 But alas! I cou'd not compass her,
 For to stear the Marriage Course.

Once, no greater Joy and Pleasure,
 Cou'd have come into my mind,
 Than to see the bold DEFIANCE,
 Sailing right before the Wind:
 O'er the white waves as she danced,
 And her Colours gayly flew;
 But that was not half so charming,
 As the Trim of lovely SUE.

On a Rocky Coast I've driven,
 Where the stormy Winds do rise,
 Where the rowling mountain Billows,
 Lift a Vessel to the Skies:
 But from Land, or from the Ocean,
 Little dread I ever knew,
 When compared to the Dangers,
 In the frowns of scornful SUE.

Long I wonder'd why my Jewel,
 Had the heart to use me so;
 Till I found by often sounding,
 She'd another love in tow:
 So farewell hard hearted SUKEY;
 I'll my fortune seek at Sea,
 And try in a more friendly Latitude
 Since I in yours cannot be.

FLUTE.



A SONG The Words by MR. MANLEY.

YE hap-py Nymphs, whose harmleſs Hearts, No fatal
Sorrows prove; Who ne-ver knew Men's faithleſs Arts, Or
felt the Pangs of Love.

If dear Contentment is a Prize,
Believe not what they say,
Their specious tales are all disguise,
Invented to betray.

Alas! how certain is our grief,
From Cares how can we fly,
When our fond Sex is all belief,
And Man is all a lye.

FLUTE.

A YORKSHIRE SONG by Mr. CAREY.

I am in Truth, a Country Youth, Unus'd to London Fashions; *tr*

Yet virtue guides, and still presides, O'er all my steps and Passions.

No courtly Leer, but all sincere, No Bribe shall ever blind me, If

you can like a Yorkshire Tike, An honest Man you'll find me.

Tho' Envy's Tongue,
With slander hung,
Does oft belye our County;
No Men on Earth,
Boast greater Worth,
Or more extend their Bounty;
Our Northern Breeze,
With us agrees,
And does for Buf'ness fit us;
In publick Cares,
In Love's affairs,
With Honour we acquit us.

A noble Mind,
Is ne'er confin'd,
To any Shire or Nation;
He gains most praise,
Who best displays,
A Gen'rous Education.
While rancour rolls,
In narrow Souls,
By narrow Views discerning;
The truly wife,
Will only prize,
Good Manners, Sense, and Learning.

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music as follows:

FORGIVE me if your looks I thought, Did once fome
change discover; To be too Jealous, is the fault, Of ev'ry
tender Lover: My Truth those kind Reproaches shew, Which
you blame so se-vere-ly; A Sign, alas! you lit-tle know, What
'tis to love sinceri-ly.

The torment of a long Despair,
I did in silence smother;
But 'tis a Pain I cannot bear,
To think you love another.
My Fate depends alone on you,
I am but what you make me;
Divinely blest, if you prove true,
Undone, if you forsake me.

The Words by Mr. DILBURY. The Musick by Mr. D. Fox.

SHE who my fond Heart possesses, Is of late so
Fickle grown; That to ev'ry Fop who dresses, Will be
Prating with her Own.

And if any chance to name her,
I as ravish'd do appear,:S:
Now I blush, least they Defame her,
With some Truth I cannot hear.

While my Doubts are yet prevailing,
If she but my Words deny,:S:
Soon she makes me quit my Railing,
And I give my thoughts the lie.

You, whose skill in Love is greater,
Say what Charm compels my Fate!:S:
Say what makes me love her better,
Whom, I fear, I ought to Hate.

O The Broom, the bonny Broom, The Broom of COWDENKNOWS;

I wish I were at hame again, To milk my Dad-dy's Ews.

How blyth ilk Morn was I to fee,
The Swain come o'er the Hill!

He skip'd the Burn, and flew to me:
I met him with good Will.

O the Broom, &c.

I neither wanted Ew nor Lamb
while his Flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my Sheep at E'en.
And chear'd me a' the Day.

O the Broom, &c.

He tun'd his Pipe and Reed sae sweet,
The Birds stood list'ning by;
E'en the dull Cattle stood and gaz'd,
Charm'd with his Melody.

O the Broom, &c.

While thus we spent our Time by turns,
Betwixt our Flocks and Fly:
I envy'd not the fairest Dame,
Tho' ne'er so rich and gay.

O the Broom, &c.

Hard Fate that I shou'd banish'd be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest Swain,
 That ever yet was born.

O the Broom, &c.

He did oblige me ev'ry Hour,
 Cou'd I but faithfu' be;
 He staw my Heart: cou'd I refuse,
 Whate'er he ask'd of me?

O the Broom, &c.

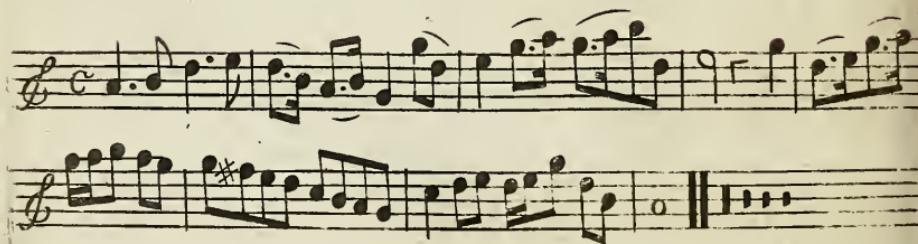
My Doggie, and my crook'd Stick,
 May now lie useless by,
 My Plaidy, Broach and little Kitt,
 That held my Wee Soup Whey.

O the Broom, &c.

Adieu ye COWDENKNOWS, adieu;
 Farewell a' Pleasures there;
 Ye Gods restore to me my Swain,
 Is a' I crave or care.

O the Broom, the Bonny Broom,
 The Broom of COWDENKNOWS:
 I wish I were at hame again,
 To milk my Daddy's Ews.

F L U T E.



A SONG in the OPERA of TERAMINTA

57

Set by Mr. SMITH.

Andante

A handwritten musical score for a vocal part (likely soprano) with piano accompaniment. The score consists of ten staves of music. The vocal line starts with a melodic line in common time, key of C major, followed by a rest. The piano accompaniment begins with a rhythmic pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and sixteenth note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support throughout. The lyrics are integrated into the vocal line, starting with "WHEN Lover's for favour, for" and continuing through several stanzas. The vocal line ends with "when in our hearts they've admision they tre...". The score is written on five-line staff paper with various dynamics and performance instructions.

at, they treat us with sco...rn, with

scorn and neglect.

When Lover's for favour Petition, Oh

then they approach with respect, But when in our

A handwritten musical score for three voices (Soprano, Alto, Bass) in G major. The music consists of ten staves of music with lyrics underneath. The vocal parts are separated by brace lines. The lyrics describe a situation where hearts have admission, they are treated with scorn, and there is neglect.

hearts they've ad...mission, they
treat us with they
treat us with sco...rn.
with scorn and neglect.

Dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to deceive, 'tis safer, much
 safer to fly 'em, 'tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to
 believe, to believe, 'tis dangerous e'er to try 'em, so artfull are Men to de-
 ceive, tis safer, much safer to fly 'em, so easy are Maids to believe.

Da Capo

Set by M^r. Boyce

61

OF all the Torments all the Care by which our Lives are
Croft of all the sorrows that we bear a Rival is the worst by
Partners in a nother kind af flictions easier grow in Love a
lone we hate to find Com parions in our woe

SILVIA for all the Storms you see

Arising in my Breast

I beg not that you'd Pity mee

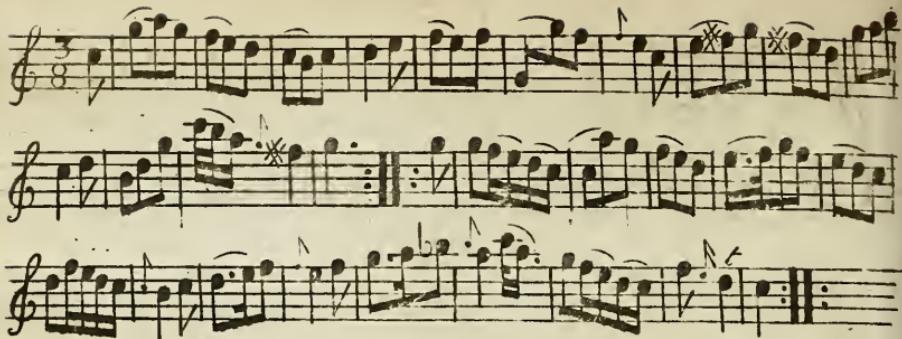
But that you'd flight the rest

Howe'er fevere your rigours are

Alone with them I'll Cope

I can endure my own Despair

But not another's hope



Set by Mr. Carey

Ceafe to perfwade nor fay you Love fin-cerely when you've be-

- tray'd you'll treat me moft severely and fly what once you

did pur-fue ceafe to perfwade nor fay you Love fin...

A handwritten musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The vocal parts are written on treble and bass staves respectively, with lyrics underneath. The piano part is on a separate staff below the voices.

The lyrics are as follows:

cere - ly when you've be trayd you'l treat me se - vere - ly
when you've be tray'd you'l treat me se - vere - ly And
fly
fly what once you
did pur...fue

Happy the fair who ne'er be lieves you but gives def-
 pair or else decieves you and Learns in-con stan-
 cy from you happy the fair who ne'er be lieves
 you but gives def-pair or else de cieves you
 and Learns in constan-cy from you Da Capo

A Two Part SONG, the Words by MR LEVERIDGE

Put Briskly round the Spa... rking

Put Briskly round the Spa...

Glaſs Put briskly round the Spa... ark

arkling Glaſs the Spar...

ling Glaſs the Stealing Hours move on a pace.

ling Glaſs the Stealing Hours move on a pace

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

Life without drinking none e'er cou'd boast of it then let us pull away

and make the most of it Brimfull of Claret Brimfull of
 and make the most of it Brimfull Brimfull
 Claret Brimfull Brimfull Brimfull of Claret each Night let me
 Brimfull Brimfull of Claret Brimfull of Claret each Night let me
 be then then I've my wish then then then then then then
 be then I've my Wish then then then then then then
 then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree
 then then then I've my Wish in the Highest De - gree

A SONG set by MR MONRO

67

Heaven's Offspring Beauty Rare VENUS her peculiar
Care CUPID tiffles ev'ry Grace to A-dorn
thy fairer Face To A-dorn thy
fairer Face

Earliest Bud was ever seen
Thus to Bloom at Fifteen
Thro whose Actions sweetly flows
All experienc'd Women knows

On thee fits with Decent Pride
Wisdom best and surest Guide
Then how strong the Influence
Of thy charming Wit and Sense

When to Harmony you move
 Each Spectator's tund to Love
 Ev'ry Step is CUPID'S Dart
 Softly stealing to my Heart

Strange that lively Sounds shoud cure
 Yet give Pains which I endure
 Musick that can others Free
 Of Infection poison's me

Guardian SYLPHS that Flight in Air
 Tell my Sorrows to the Fair
 Let your murmurring Pinions prove
 How I groan and how I Love

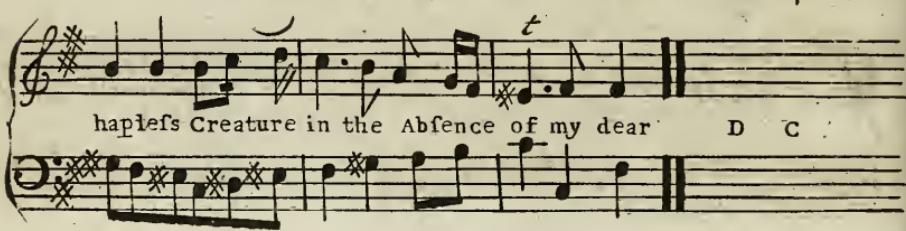
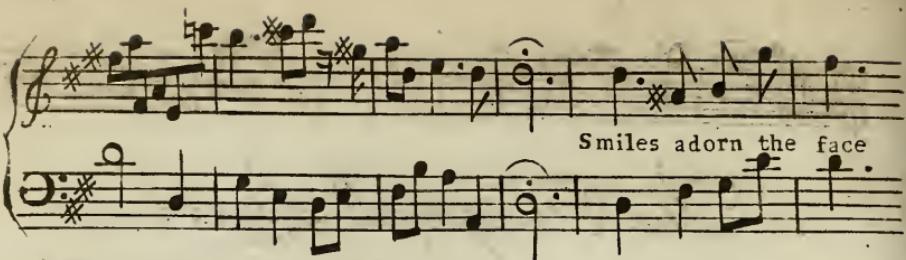
And if Deaf to all my Woe
 Her the Mute Creation Show
 How the Boughs of ev'ry Kind
 Hug and kifs in Friendship joyn'd

Show her Eyes how curling Vines
 Fold their Elmes in Am'rous Twines
 Touch'd by such Examples she
 May incline to Love and me

FLUTE



See the radiant Queen of Night sheds on all her
kindly beams gilds the plains with cheerful light and sparkles
in the Silver Streams see the radiant Queen of Night sheds
on all her kindly beams gilds the plains with cheerful light and
Sparkles in the silver Streams



FLUTE





The Thoughtfull Lover

Where ever I am and whatever I do my PHILLIS is

Still in my Mind If angry mean not to PHILLIS to go my

Feet of themselfe the Way find Unknown to my self I am just at

her Door and when I wou'd rail I can bring out no more than

PHILLIS too fair and un kind than PHILLIS too fair and unkint.

When PHILLIS I see my Heart burns in my Breast .
 The Love I would stifle is shewn
 Asleep or awake I am never at Rest
 When from my Eyes PHILLIS is gone
 Sometimes a sweet Dream dos delude my sad Mind
 But when I awake and no PHILLIS can find
 I sigh to my self all alone
 I sigh to my self all alone

A King as my Rival in her I adore
 Would offer his Treasure in vain
 O let me alone to be happy and poor
 And give me my PHILLIS again
 Let PHILLIS be mine and for ever be Kind
 I would to a Defart with her be confind
 And envy no Monarch his Reign
 And envy no Monarch his Reign

Alas I Discover too much of my Love
 And she too well knows her own Power
 She makes me each Day a new Martyrdom prove
 And makes me grow jealous each Hour
 But let her each Minute torment my poor Mind
 I'd rather love PHILLIS though false and unkind
 Than ever be freed from her Power
 Than ever be freed from her Power

FLUTE



Set by Sig^r. VERDINI.

Not too fast.

Dear SALLY thy Charms have undone me. They've rob'd me of Freedom and Joy; Then, dearest, my SALLY smile on me. For Death is my Fate if thou'rt Coy. For Death is my Fate if thou'rt Coy. Be cautious, dear Charmer, in slaying. Since Murders so heinous comply. And torture me not with de-lay-ing, Since ev'ry crois Chit can deny. Since ev'ry crois Chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature,
 In forming you, took such delight;
 Don't think you were made that fair Creature,
 For nought but to dazzle the Sight:
 No, JOVE, when he gave you those Graces,
 Intended you solely for Love,
 And gave you the fairest of Faces,
 The kindest of Females to prove.

Besides, pretty Maiden, remember,
 That the Flower that's blooming in May,
 Is wither'd and shrunk in December,
 And cast unregarded away:
 So it fares with each scornful young Charmer,
 Who takes at her Lover distaste,
 She trifles till Thirty disarms her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

FLUTE.



Set by MR. LEVERIDGE.

The image shows two staves of musical notation for a flute. The first staff continues the 'Largo' style from the previous page. The second staff begins with the lyrics 'WHEN our Hearts are new kindl'd to jump at a Beauty, Our Onset will'. The music consists of sixteenth-note patterns primarily in common time (indicated by 'C'). The key signature changes from G major to F# major across the staves. The notes are mostly eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests.

surely come off with a Blast; We ought to have leasure, 'tis civil & Duty, Let's
 Love by degrees, and the longer 'twill last: But to jumble our Love and en-
 joyment together, Makes two Months of Summer, and ten of cold Weather.

Gentle Love, like a tender and delicate Flower,
 Wants only improvement to make it endure,
 But so oft tis transplanted, which makes it each hour,
 So droop and decay, 'tis almost past a Cure.
 But to jumble, &c.

Yet if some kind Damsel the Creature wou'd nourish,
 By a secret enchantment her goodness might bring,
 At every touch it would rise up and flourish,
 And seems to enjoy a perpetual Spring.
 But to jumble, &c.

F L U T E.

The musical score for the Flute consists of three staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first staff is in common time (indicated by 'C'), the second in common time (indicated by 'C'), and the third in common time (indicated by 'C'). The notes are primarily sixteenth notes, with some eighth and quarter notes interspersed, creating a continuous flow of melodic lines.

Sung by Mr. ESTE in the HONEST YORKSHIRE-MAN.

BARTLEDOM Fair, since thy Lord Mayor has cry'd thee down,

There's nought worth regarding, I woudn't give a Farthing, for

LONDON Town; Such Pork, such Pig, such Game, such Rig, such

Rattling there. But all's done, there's no Fun, At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Farewell ye Joys
Of Prentice Boys,
And pretty Maids.
The Country and Court
Have lost all their Sport,
And the SHOW-FOLKS their Trades:
Nay, Even the Cit,
In a Generous Fit,
Wou'd take SPOUSY there;
But all's done,
There's no Fun,
At BARTLEDOM Fair.

Set by Mr. Carey

A handwritten musical score for voice and piano. The score consists of eight staves of music, each with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a common time signature. The vocal line starts with a piano introduction, followed by the vocal entry. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, with some words underlined. The score is set in a flowing, expressive style.

When did you see any falsehood in me that thus you unkindly sus-

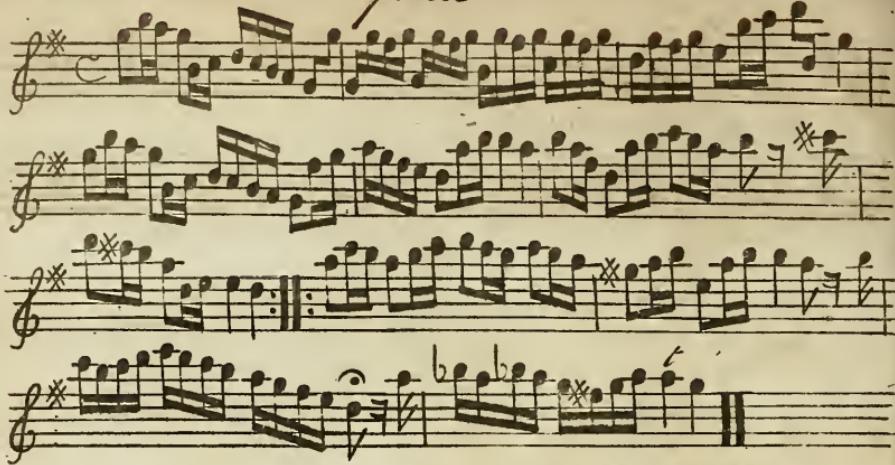
- - pect me Speak speak your mind for I fear you're inclind in

s spite of my truth to reject me If't must be so to the Wars I will

go where danger my Passion shall smother I'd rather perish there

linger in Despair or fee you in the Arms of Another

flute



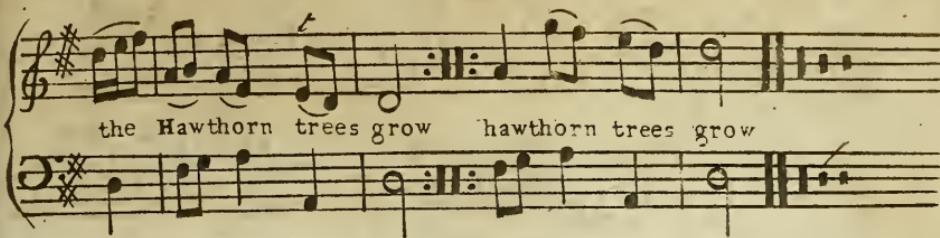
The Yellow Hair'd LADDIE A Scotch SONG

Sheet music for 'The Yellow Hair'd Laddie' with lyrics. The music is in common time (indicated by 'C') and consists of four staves of sixteenth-note patterns. The first three staves are in G major (indicated by a 'G' with a sharp sign), and the fourth staff is in B-flat major (indicated by a 'B' with a flat sign). The lyrics are:

In April when Prim - roses paint the sweet plain and

Summer approaching rejoyceth the Swain The yellow Hair'd

LADDIE woud often times go To wilds and Deep Glens where



There under the shade of an old Sacred Thorn
With freedom he sung his Loves ev'ning and Morn.
He sang with so soft and Inchanting a sound
That Silvians and Faries unseen danc'd around.

The Shepherd thus sung tho' young MAYA be fair
Her beauty is dashd with a scornful proud Air
But SUSIE was handfom and Sweetly could sing
Her Breath like the Breezes perfum'd in the Spring.

That MADIE in all the gay Bloom of her youth.
Like the Moon was unconstant and never spoke truth
But SUSIE was faithfull good Humour'd and free
And fair as the Goddess that sprung from the Sea

That Mammas fine Daughter with all her great dow'r
Was Aukwardly Airy and frequently Sow'r
Then fighing he wished would Parents agree
The witty sweet SUSIE his Mistress might be.

Flute



The Power of Love A Song

My easy Heart with sin-gle Dart has no small Anguish found My found
But LOVE has now two strings to's Bow both wit and Beauty wound but wound

Such Guns or Spears
Who fees or hears
Of Deaths may take his Choice
For tho he flies
Her piercing Eyes
She'll reach him with her Voice

When Wit perfwades
And Beauty leads
Our senses all to Ioy
Not DIDO'S Guest
Coud guard his Breast
Against the CYPRIAN Boy

But if his Bow
And Arrows too
We're broken all and lost
None cou'd withstand
Her Naked Hand
They'll feel it to their Cost

Flute

When gazing on his PHILLIS Eyes young CORIDON did
 lye such Transport did his soul surprize that fain the youth
 would dye his Life was pressing to be gone call'd out by pow'r
 full Charms the fwain yet Loath to dye alone catch d Phillis in his Arms

The Nymph that sick and longing lay
 For Death as well as He
 Cry'd now my Shepherd dye away
 And I will dye with thee :
 Thus by Consent the Lovers dye
 But with so little Pain
 That both receive and Instantly
 Prepare to dye again .

82 A Song to a Favourit Minuet of M^r Handels

STREPHON in vain thou Courtest Oc-casion with tender Per-

- fasion to Combat dif-dain rouze up thy Soul nor let the

Ungratefull tho Love-ly de ceitfull thy Reafon Controal

While thy fond heart flows with soft art Pride hears with

Pleasure exalts a bove Measure new charms supplys false

smiles dif-guise the In-so-lent Triumph that giles her Eyes

Rouse up thy Soul nor let the ungratefull tho' Lovely de -
ceitfull thy Reason Control

Let bards abound
With Flames darts and alters
When e're their fence falters
To flatter in found
Let the fair know
As bright as her Face is
She's made for Embraces
With Creature's below

Smiles to respect
Frowns to neglect
Shews You'd Redeem her
From Pride to Esteem her
When kind Alarms
A wake her Charms
The fence Ruptur'd Goddef's
Leaps into your Arms

Let the fair know
As bright as her Face is
She's made for Embraces
With Creatures below

Advice from BACCHUS . The Words by MR BOWMAN .

He's an ASS that repines when his Mistress does Chide Let him

Laugh at her Frowns twill soon level her pride If she vows t̄ she hates him to
 lengthen his pain Let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her disdain let him
 Swe - ar let him swear that a Bottle shall cure her Disdain

Who wou'd Cringe to a Woman or bow for a Kiss
 When brisk Wine has more Charms than are found in a Miss
 If a Slave he wou'd be and his Freedom resign
 Let him shun a Coy Mistress and Worship his Wine

FLUTE

My Love was fickle once and changing nor
e're would set tie in my heart From Beauty still to
Beauty ranging In ev'ry face I found a Dart.

Twas first a Charming shape enslav'd me
An Eye then gave the fatal stroke
Till by her Wit CORINNA fav'd me.
And All my Former Fetters broke

But now along and lasting Anguish
For BELVIDERA I endure
Hourly I sigh and Hourly languish
Nor hope to find the wanted Cure

For here the false unconstant lover
After a Thousand _____ shown,
Does new surprizing Charms discover
And finds Variety in one

86 A Favourite Air by Mr Handel

A musical score for a solo instrument (likely oboe or flute) and basso continuo. The score consists of six staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The basso continuo part is indicated by a bass clef and a 'C' (common time) signature. The vocal parts are written below the instrumental parts.

The lyrics are as follows:

No no no more complain no no no more complain no no no
more complain no no no more complain I wear another's Chain I
wear another's chain in vain you Languish in vain in vain you Lan-
guish you Languish no no no more complain no
no no more complain I wear another's Chain in vain you Lan-guish no
no no more Complain no no no more Complain I wear another's

Chain I wear anothers Chain -

in vain you Languish in vain in

vain you Languish in vain you Languish

This is the fate of love this

is the fate of Love the Joy of one shall prove shall prove shall

prove a nothers Anguish anothers An...guish No

Set by MR BOYCE

not too fast

Would we attain the Happiest State that is design'd us here no
 Joy a Rapture must create no Greif be - get des-pair No
 Injury feirce An-ger raise no Honour tempt to pride no
 vain Desires of Empty Praise must in the Soul a bide

No charms of Youth or Beauty move

The Constan^t fettled Breast

Who leaves a Pafnage free to Love

Shall let in all the reft

In such a Breast soft peace will live

Where none of these abound

The greatest bleffind Heav'n can give

Or can on Earth be found

Set by M^r. D Fox

89

A handwritten musical score for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The music is in common time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The vocal parts are written in soprano and alto clefs. The piano part is indicated by a treble clef and a bass clef. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score consists of four systems of music.

CUPID Since my Heart you've Wounded teach me
to Ex-pre's my Flame As my Paſſion is Un-
bounded make my Charmer Feel the fame

Tell dear CLOE how Uneafie
Ev ry Night in Thought I Spend
Rest forsaking Ever Busie
Ask her when my Cares shall End

She who's of so Sweet a Nature
Cannot ſure the Love Despife
Which the Raifes in a Creature
By the Magick of her Eyes

BACCHUS one day gay-ly Striding on his never failing

Tun Sneaking empty Pots deriding thus ad -

-dres'd each Toaping Son Praise the joy-ys that.

never vary and a dore the Liquid Shrine

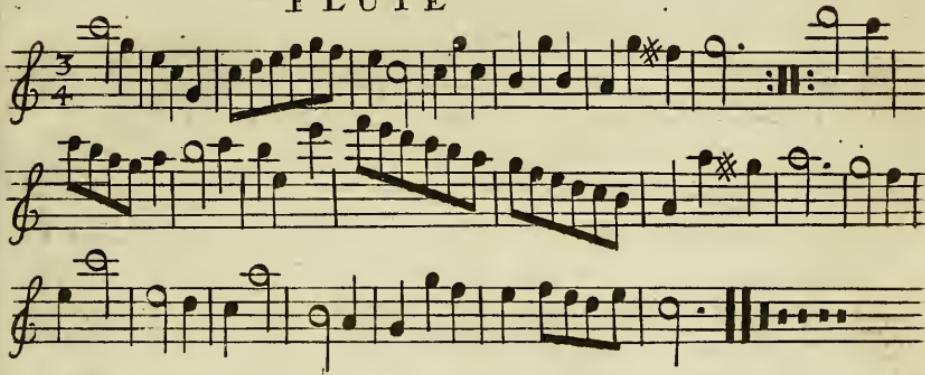
All things noble gav and Airy are Perform'd by .

Generous Wine

Pristin Hero's Crown'd with Glory
 Owe their noble rise to me
 Poets wrote the flaming Story
 Fir'd by my Divinity
 If my Influence is wanting
 Musicks charms but slowly move
 Beauty too in vain lies panting
 Till I fill the Swains with Love

If you crave eternal Pleasure
 Mortals this way bend your eyes
 From my ever flowing Treasure
 Charming Scenes of blis arise
 Here's the Soothing balmy blefsing
 Sole dispeller of you pain
 Gloomy Souls from care releasing
 He who drinks not lives in Vain.

FLUTE



Colin's Request Set to a Scotch Air

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is in common time with a treble clef, and the bottom staff is in common time with a bass clef. The lyrics "Help me Each Harmonious Grove gently Whisper all ye Trees" are written below the notes.

Tune Each warbling Throat to Love and cool each Mead with

Softest Breeze Breath sweet Odours e-ery Flow'r all your Various

Paintings show pleasing verdure grace each Bow'r a round let e'ry

Blessing flow

Glide ye Lympid Brooks along.
PH EB US glance thy Mildest Ray
Murmuring Floods repeat my song
And tell what COLIN dare not say

CELIA comes whose charming Air
Fires with Love the rural Swains.
'Tell a tell the Blooming fair
That COLIN dyes if she Disdains.

FLUTE

As Thomas and Harry one Midsummer Day were coming from

Mowing and turning of Hay Young Lucy and Agnes a milking had

been two cleverer Lasses you seldom have seen They both were fresh

coulourd and tidy and tall had wit and good Nature and Money with

all Smart Tommy first spy'd them and said to his friend to

talk with these Milkmaids a while I in tend They

Poor Harry was Marry'd yet nevertheless
 No dislike he'd to Tommy's proposal express
 But walk'd with Spruce Lucy for more than a Mile
 And lent her his hand to get over the Stile
 While Lucy quite Charm'd with his Person and Talk
 Ne'er felt her full Milk Pail nor tir'd with the Walk
 But Tommy grew Spightfull and bid him forbear
 Since who for a Man that was Married woud care

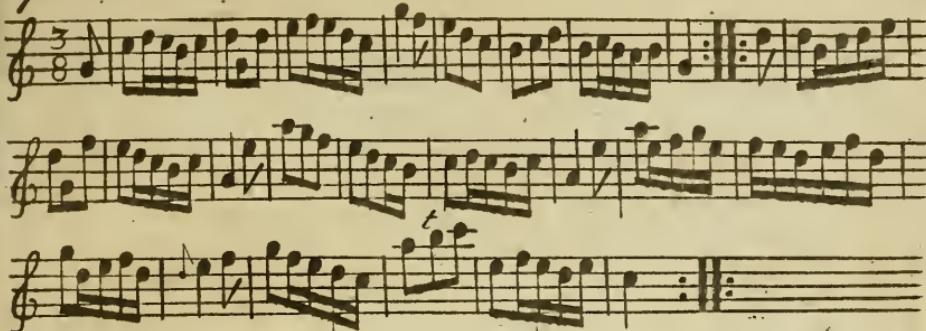
Says Agnes why prithee now let him alone
 What need you Dispute when you each may have one
 Theres Lucy who ne'er had a Pleasure as yet
 In ought but meere Beauty I dote upon Wit
 Which you've in abundance but as for your Form
 'Tis such as can ne'er have for Lucy a Charm
 His Height and Complection his Feature and Hair
 Were made just on purpose her Heart to ensnare

A Moment he Pauf'd on what Agnes had said
 And found there was Reason and Sense in the Maid
 Then told her if Wedlock was what she approv'd
 She quickly shou'd find that he really lov'd
 Tho before he for ever had made it his jest
 He now was in Earnest in what he profest
 She Answer'd she thank'd him for what he design'd
 And wou'd see a Month hence if he held the same mind.

But Harry the while with Conduct and Art
 Had wound himself into poor Lucy's soft Heart
 That she cry'd to go from him and said that again
 She ne'er shoud be free from Affliction and Pain
 And that she had lost all the Joy of her Life
 From the Moment she heard he was ty'd to a Wife
 While Thomas with Agnes Walk'd chearfully on
 And whisper'd that her Friend and his were undone

flute

95



LOVE and INNOCENCE The Words by DR PARNELL

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is for Flute (indicated by a treble clef) and the bottom staff is for Bassoon (indicated by a bass clef). The music is in common time (indicated by '8'). The lyrics are as follows:

My Days have been so wond'rous free the little Birds that fly
With careleſs Ease from Tree to Tree were but as bleſt as I Ask
gliding Waters if a Tear of Mine increaſ'd their flowing Stream or
Ask the flying Gales if e'er I lent one ſigh to them

26

But now my former Days retire,
And I'm by Beauty caught;
The tender Chains of sweet Desire,
Are fix'd upon my Thought.
An eager Hope within my Breast
Does ev'ry anxious Doubt controul,
And charming CELIA stands confess'd
The Fav'rite of my Soul.

Ye Nightingales, ye twisted Pines,
Ye swains that haunt the Grove,
Ye gentle Echoes, Breezy Winds
Ye close Retreats of Love;
With all of Nature, all of Art,
Affixt the soft and dear designs,
O teach a young unpractis'd Heart
To make fair Nancy mine

The very Thought of Change I hate,
As much as of Despair,
Nor ever covet to be great,
Unless it be for her.
Tis true, the Passion in my Mind
Is mixt with a severe Distress,
Yet While the Fair I love is kind,
I cannot wish it less

FLUTE



A SONG by an Eminent Master.

THOU only Charmer I ad-mire, My Hearts delight, my
 soul's desire: Poffess-ing Thee, I've grea...ter store, Than
 were I Lord of In..dian Shore.

Were ev'ry other Woman free,
 And in the World no Man but me;
 I'd singe Thee from all the rest,
 To sweeten life, and make me blest.

FLUTE.

Scornfu' Nancy.

There's NANSY's to the Green Wood gane, To hear the Gowdpink chat-

ring, And WILLY's follow'd her a-lane To gain her Love by flat'ring:

But a' that he cou'd say or do, She snuft and snarled at him; And

ay when he be-gan to woo, She bad him mind wha gat him.

What ails ye at my Dad, quoth he,
My Minny or my Aunty?
With Crowdy-Mowdy they fed me,
Lang-kail and Ranty-tanty:
With Bannocks of good Barley-Meal,
Of thae there was right plenty,
With chapped Stocks fou butter'd well;
And was not that right dainty?

Altho' my Daddy was nae Laird,
 'Tis daffin to be vaunty.
 He keepit ay a good Kail-yard,
 A Ha' Houfe and a Pantry:
 A good bleu Bonnet on his Head,
 An Owrlay 'bout his Cragy:
 And ay until the Day he died,
 He rade on good Shanks Nagy.

Now wae and wander on your Snout,
 Wad ye hae bonny NANSY?
 Wad ye compare ye'r fel' to me,
 A Docken till a Tansie?
 I have a Wooer of my ain,
 They ca' him souple SANDY,
 And well I wat his bonny Mou
 Is sweet like Sugar-candy.

Wow NANSY, what needs a this Din?
 Do I not ken this SANDY?
 I'm sure the chief of a his Kin
 Was RAB the Beggar randy:
 His minny MEG upo' her Back
 Bare baith him and his BILLY;
 Will he compare a nasty Pack
 To me your wifsome WILLY?

My Gutcher left a good braid Sword,
 Tho' it be auld and rusty,
 Yet ye may tak it on my Word,
 It is baith stout and trusty:
 And if I can but get it drawn,
 Which will be right uneasv,
 I shall lay baith my Lugs in pawn,
 That he shall get a Heezy.

Then NANSY turn'd her round about,
 And said, did SANDY hear ye,
 Ye wadna miss to get a Clout,
 I ken he disna fear ye:
 Sae had ye'r Tongue and fay nae mair,
 Set somewhere else your fancy:
 For as lang's SANDY'S to the Fore,
 You never shallget NANSY.

Set by MR. EVERIDGE.

I see she loves tho' Virgin Shame Denies her to Confess it!

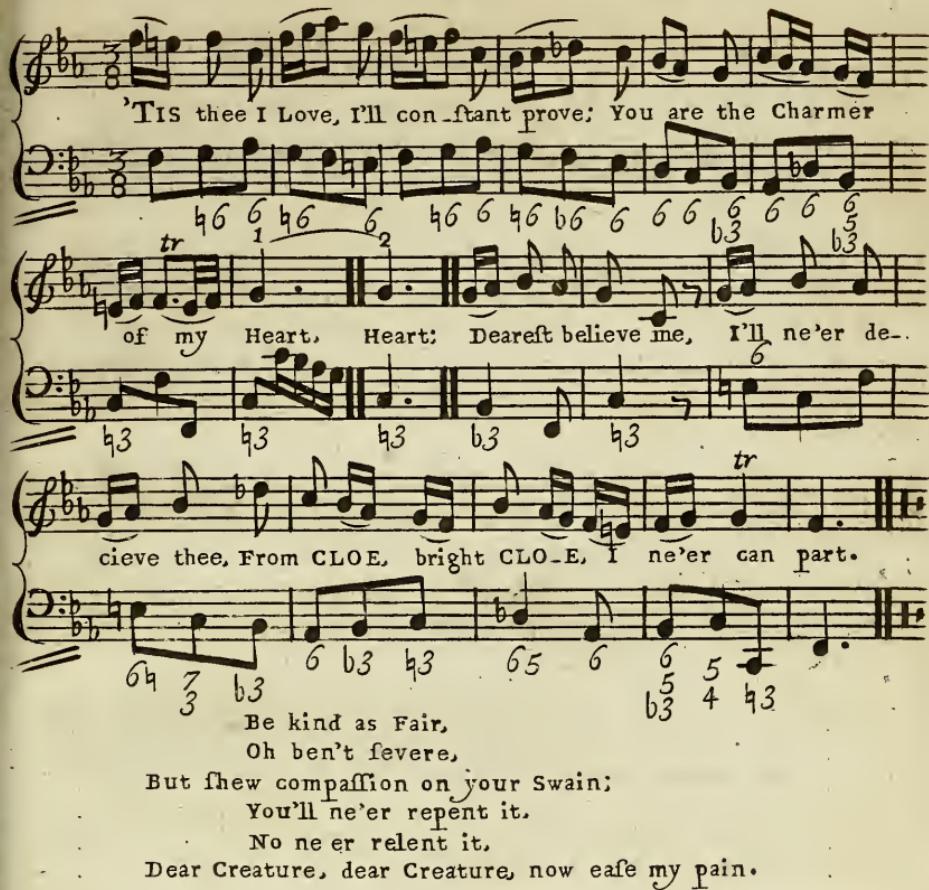
Her Eyes, the Tell-tale God proclaim, While Blushes rise to

hide her Flame, And help her to Express it.

Her Heart obeys my guilty Pray'r,
No Maiden Pride can aid her;
She soon shall ease my wanton Care,
And then shall Honour guard the Fair?
When NATURE has betray'd her.

FLUTE.

A SONG by an Eminent Master.

()

'TIS thee I Love, I'll constant prove; You are the Charmer
 of my Heart, Heart; Dearest believe me, I'll ne'er de-
 cieve thee, From CLOE, bright CLO-E, I ne'er can part.
 Be kind as Fair,
 Oh ben't fevere,
 But shew compassion on your Swain;
 You'll ne'er repent it.
 No ne'er relent it.
 Dear Creature, dear Creature, now ease my pain.

FLUTE.

()

The Adieu to the SPRING GARDENS at VAUX-HALL.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN^{tr}

THE sun now darts fainter his Ray, The Meadows no .

longer in-vite; The Wood-Nymphs are all tript a-way, No .

Verdure cheers sweetly the Sight. Then adieu to the pastoral

Scene, Where HARMONY charm'd with her Call: Where PLEASURE

pre-sid-ed as Queen; In ^e ec-cho-ing Shades of VAUX-HALL..

Such Transports a Soul ne'er enjoy'd,

When wafted to th' ELYSIAN Plains,

As those which my Senses employ'd.

Convey'd to VAUX HALL, by the THAMES.

Such Splendors illumin'd the Grove;

My Ears drank such rapturous Sound:

I seem'd in Inchantment to rove,

And Deities gliding around.

How sweet 'twas to sit in the Maze
 Amid the bright Choirs of the Fair!
 Their Glances diffus'd such a Blaze,
 I thought BEAUTY's Goddess was there.
 Not VENUS, whose Smiles breed Allarms,
 And with vain Allurements destroy;
 But BEAUTY, whose Bashfulness charms,
 And which when posseſſ'd gives true Joy.

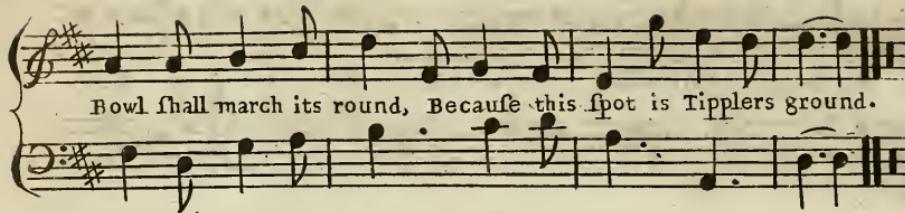
The Maid to whom Honour is dear,
 Uncensur'd might take off her Glaſs;
 And stray among BEAUX without fear,
 No Snake lurking there in the Graſs.
 In blisful ARCADIA of old,
 Where Mirth, Wit, and Innocence joyn'd,
 The Swains thus discreetly were bold,
 The Nymphs were thus prudently kind.

Old WINTER, with Iſicles spread,
 Will ſoon all his Horrors reſume;
 Thoſe paſt, SPRING muſt lift her fair Head,
 And Nature exult in fresh Bloom.
 Thy Bowers, O VAUX-HALL, then muſt riſe,
 In all the gay pride of the Field:
 Thy Muſic muſt ſweetly Surprise;
 To Thee, fam'd ELYSIUM muſt yield.

THE BACCHANALS.

The Words by Mr. JOHN LOCKMAN.

The musical score consists of two staves of music in common time, treble clef, and F major (indicated by a sharp sign and the number 8). The first staff begins with a melodic line: "COME follow, follow me, All you that Tipplers be;". The second staff continues the melody: "Come follow me your King, Then seated in a Ring, Swift the". The music features various rhythmic patterns, including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests.



Bowl shall march its round, Because this spot is Tipplers ground.

When Mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their Nest,
Unheard and unespied,
The Nectar down does glide,
Till over Tables, Stools, and Shelves,
We tumble as gay as Fairy Elves.

And if the Punch be good,
Gives Spirits to the Blood,
We call Jack honest Blade,
And surely he is paid,
For e'ry Morn before we go,
Each tips him a Twelver, a Sice, or so.

But if the Rack be foul,
And will not chear the Soul,
Down Stairs we, clinging, creep,
And catch the Slave asleep:
There we bang his Arms and Thighs,
Bang them till he cannot rise.

Upon a Tun's round head,
Our Napkin fair is spread;
Neat's tongues, and fuch like Meat,
Is diet that we eat:
Then rich Wines, we smiling, drink,
In ebony Cups, fill'd to the brink.

All Westphalia-ham we spy,
We bring our Sovereign high.
Replete, we chaunt a-while,
And so the hours beguile;
Then when the Moon does hide her head,
We Tipplers reel away to bed.

But if, as along we pass,
Some sober grave-fac'd Afs,
Throws out his canting Talk,
We drub him — and on we walk.
So in the morning may be seen,
By our Exploits, where we have been.

The SUPPLIANT LOVER Set to Musick by MR Wm HODSON.

My Dearest CLOE, whom my Heart adores, let tender Pity Fill ..
 Your Breast, Think, tis Your Faithfull STREPHON that Implores
 Then kindly Smile and make me Blest;

Your ev'ry Single Charm, my Soul Admires,
 Your Eyes those dazzling Beams of Light;
 Eclipse the Stars more Pale and Lambent Fires;
 Whose Lustre is not Half so Bright,

Your Heav'nly Features, gracefull Shape and mein,
 By far transcend the common Fair,
 And rather Seem to rival Beautyes Queen;
 Than with a Mortal's Charms Compare.

Of Lasting Happiness I Cannot Miss,
 When in Posession of Such Charms,
 Then let my Soul taste that Exstatick Bliss,
 That's to be found within your Arms,

FLUTE

Favourite Air by MR HANDEL

Adagio

O Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful
Lover a kind return obtain oh ease my Pain
Cupid gentle Cupid in Pity ease my Pain and let a faithful Lover
a kind return obtain a kind return obtain oh let a
faithful Lover a kind return obtain my
Grief's beyond enduring my Sorrow's past all curing my

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain.

Anguish but procuring more Hatred and Disdain.

Da Capo

For the FLUTE

The Country Girls Farewel,

Farewel ye Hills and Valleys, farewel ye verdant Shades; I'll
make more pleasant Sallies, To Plays and Masquerades with
Joy, for Town I barter, those Banks where Flowers grow, what are
Roses to a Garter? what Lillies to a Beau,

Farewel TOM, DICK, and HARRY,
Farewel MOLL, NELL, and SUE;
No longer must I tarry,
But bid you all Adieu,
For Time it will retire.
When amidst the Quality,
Where many a Knight and Squire,
Will gladly wait on me,

Farewel ye shady Bowers,
Where Lovers often meet,
And pass the silent Hours,
With melting Kisses sweet,
Of all th Country Pleasures,
I'll take a long Adieu,
For I have no more Leisure,
To spend away with you.

Unfortunate CELIA by MR Wm HODSON

CELIA has Charms in Ev'ry feature in Shape and Air a
 Love ly Creature yet Cannot CELIA with her Charms Secure a
 Lo'ver to her Arms

2

Too often she Consults her Glass,
 An like Narcissus Loves her face,
 Pleas'd with a form so fair so fine,
 She thinks, she must be all Divine,

3

Unfit for Man, she man Disdains,
 Thus Pride destroys what Beauty gains,
 O' mayst thou Live a maid, till Love
 Shall prize thy Charms, and teach thee Love.

For the FLUTE

Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae

And gin ye meet a bonny Lassie, Gie'er a Kif, and let her gae, But
If ye meet a dir-ty Husly, Fy gar rub her o'er wi' Strae Be sureye
din-na quat the Grip of ilka Joy, when ye are young, Before auld
Age your Vitals nip, And lay ye twa-fald o'er a Rung,

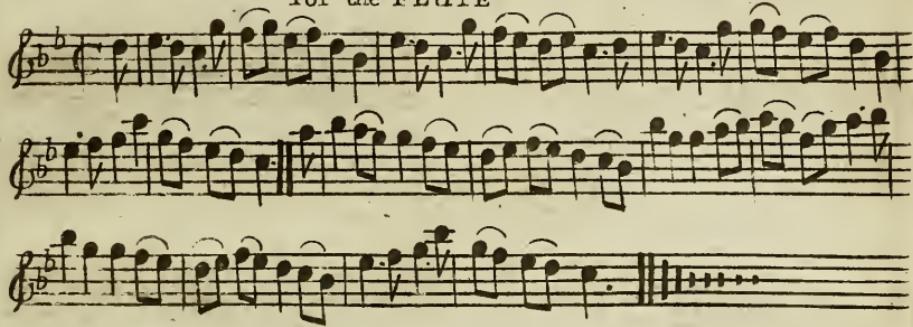
Sweet Youth's a blyth and hartsome Time,
Then Lads and Lasses while tis may,
Gae pu'the Gowen in its Prime,
Before it wither and decay,
Watch the saft Minutes of Delyte,
When Jenny speaks beneath her Breath,
And Kifles laying a'the Wyte,
On you if she kepp ony Skaith.

Haith ye're ill bred, she'll smiling say,
Ye'll worry me ye greedy Rook,
Syne frae your Arms she'll rin away,
And hide her self in some dark Nook.

Her Laugh will lead you to the Place,
 Where lies the Happiness ye want,
 And plainly till you to your Face
 Nineteen Na-says are half a Grant

Now to her heaving Bosom cling,
 And sweetly toolie for a Kiss.
 Frae her fair Finger whoop a Ring,
 As Taiken of a future Bliss.
 Thiefe Bennisons I'm very sure,
 Are of the Gods indulgent Grant,
 Then furly Carles, whislit, forbear,
 To plague us with your whining Cant.

For the FLUTE



The NUT-BROWN MAID The words by M^GRIFFIN

 Three staves of musical notation for the flute, written in common time with a key signature of one flat. The notes are primarily eighth and sixteenth notes, with some quarter notes and rests. The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines.

The Country Maid, in Ruffet clad, Does many a time fur-pass, in Shape and

Air, And Beauty rare, The Court or Town-bred Lass.

And such as proud
Of Gentile Blood,
Her humble Birth upbraid,
Their richest Veins,
No Drop contains
Like that of the Nut brown Maid,

The City Lass,
With Wainscot face,
By Parents made a Fool;
Is sent to Dance,
To read Romance,
And play the Romp at School.

Till careful Dad,
Provides a Lad,
By golden Hopes betray'd,
For Better or Worse,
To take the Purse,
Instead of the Nut brown Maid.

The Courtly She,
Of High Degree,
Adorns her Breast and Head,
Perfumes and Paints,
Because she wants
The natural White and Red.

But those that chuse,
Such Arts to use,
With all their costly Aid,
Shall never flew.
A Cheek or Brow,
Like that of the Nut-brown Maid.

Try all Mankind,
And you shall find,
Tho' ne'er so Rich or Great,
The Gay the Grave,
The Young the Brave,
All love the soft Brunet,

Since none deny,
This Truth then why,
Should Love be disobey'd?
Why should not she
A Countess be,
Tho' born but a Nut-brown Maid?

The Friendly Advice to BRUNETTA set by M^r JAMES

Oh lye BRUNETTA cease those Sighs which hour by
Break your Peace; and Scorn the Swain who From your
Flies, Or comes to wound your Ease

Alas you now full Seven years,
Have drag'd Loves Slavish Chain,
yet no Redress Save briny teares,
To keep the PAPHIAN pain,

With courage face your favour'd foe,
And Set him at Defiance.
He braves your grief, adds to your woe,
And Laughs at kind Compliance.

But fair One was you unconfid;
A happier fate you'd meet.
New Lovers Soon wou'd Speak their Mind,
And fall Down at your feet.

FLUTE

Set by MR GALLIARD.

A handwritten musical score for three voices and basso continuo. The score consists of six systems of music, each with a different key signature and time signature. The top system starts in F major, 2/4 time, with a basso continuo part labeled "Sym". The second system starts in B-flat major, 12/8 time. The third system starts in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with lyrics "Follow but in vain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain your whining and your". The fourth system starts in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with lyrics "Pining does but raise my Just disdain but raise my Just disdain you". The fifth system starts in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with lyrics "Follow but in vain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain my Love you'll ne'r Obtain". The sixth system starts in B-flat major, 4/4 time, with lyrics "All your whining and y' pining does but raise my Just disdain but raise my". The score uses a mix of common and irregular time signatures, indicated by "2/4", "12/8", "4/4", and "3/4". The vocal parts are written in soprano, alto, and tenor/bass staves. The basso continuo part is written in a single staff below the vocal staves.

Jud disdain

From

Vain deceit full Man my haart shall still by free None e'er with pride shall

Reign and Lord it over me and Lord it over me none ere with pride

Shall Reign none ere with pride shall Reign shall Reign and

Lord it over me and Lord it over me D.C.

A Song by MR JOHN ALCOCK

When ere for each Other we feel Soft friendship our souls to possess

Love After doth easily steal but then where's ^ÿ Cure or Redress pro-

-posing our Hearts to be lieve indifference those passions re move Ah.

Phillis our selves we deceive Life must End in Hatred or Love

FLUTE

The CONQUEST

Strephon a young unthinking Swain Swore by all the Powers a...
 hove Woman shoid Strive and Strive in Vain to too raise his
 Conquering Soul to Love

CLOE came Smiling on the green,
 In Vain was all her heavn of Charms,
 Her blooming air and gracefull mien,
 To gain admittance to his Arms,

But When Clorinda's Sparking Eyes,
 Flamed on the youth he to her flew,
 Stars Shall as Soon forsake the Skies,
 As STREPHON happy STREPHON you.

JOVE Smil'd to See the Captive youth,
 Such Periuries the Gods allow,
 And cry'd didst think to keep thy oath,
 Twas more than JOVE himself cold do,

FLUTE

The COUNTRY DELIGHT

A Country life is Sweet in Moderate cold or heat to walk in..

The Air so pleasant and fair is every Field of Wheat The Goddess

Of Flowers adorning her Bowers and every Maid a Beau there

fore I say no Courtier may tho ne'er so gay Compare with

They that follow the painfull Plow that follow the painfull

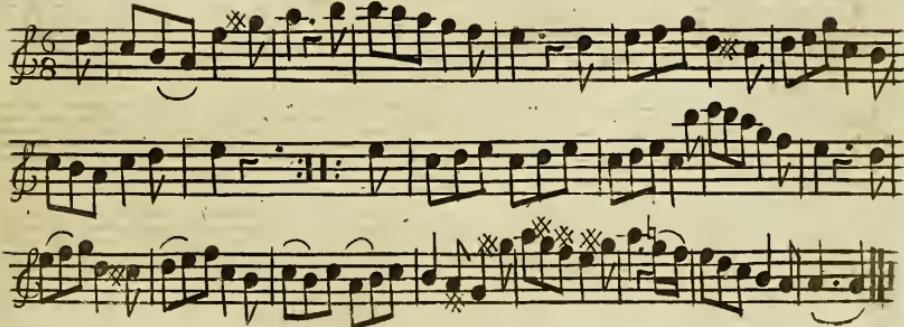
Plow

We rise with the morning Lark,
 And Labour till almost dark,
 In turning the Soil we whistle and toil,
 and often do stop to hark,
 While Flowers are Springing,
 To Birds who are Singing,
 In every bush or bough,
 With what Content and Merriment,
 His days are Spent that's fully bent,
 To follow the painfull plow To &c,

The Country Lads repair,
 To every Wake or Fair,
 With SARAH and SUE KATE BRIDGET & PRU,
 Each Loving and constant pair,
 In seasons of Leisure,
 Thus taking the pleasure,
 Which Innocence allow,
 The rural Train gangs o'er the plain,
 Thro snow or Rain with Speed again,
 To follow the painfull plow To &c.

To all the Country Wakes,
 The Shepherd his Shepherdes takes,
 No sorrow nor Care does there e'er appear,
 To sow'r their good Ale and Cakes,
 When home they're returning,
 With Garlands adorning,
 Each Nymph does repay her Swain
 With Mutual Love blest from above
 Then Leave the Groves Where CUPID roves
 To follow the painfull plow To &c

FLUTE



The SCOTCH LASS A New Song by MR BOWMAN

O the Lads of EDINBRO They are Elyth and Jolly Fine as
 LAIRD'S frae Tap to Toe Free frae Melancholy Had I one wi me to
 Lig I Would be Contented I'd nae Laugher care a Feg what my Kin resented

WILLIE hes a Bonny Lad,
 O! I wish he'd wed me,
 He shaud ken Ise nae afraid,
 When he gangs to bed me,
 All night Lang Ise neer complain,
 Tho he Jog'd me Sprightly,
 But wauld buckle too amain,
 When he meant to Slight me,

MITHER she a Wife has bin,
 Fourteen Bearns she weaned,
 Time it is Ishaud begin,
 Nature she the sae meanted,
 O Some Lad of EDINBRO,
 Tauke me fore I'm fading,
 If you Lag the faults on you,
 That I Lig a Maiden,

FLUTE

Words to a Favourite Minuet of Mr. HANDEL'S

WHY this talking still of dy-ing, Why this dismal look and groan;

Leave, fond Lover, leave your sighing; Let these fruitless arts a-lone.

Love's the child of joy and pleasure, Born of Beauty, nurs'd with Wit;

Much a-miss you take your measure, This dull whining way to

hit, This dull whining way to hit.

Tender Maids you fright from loving,
By th'effect they see in you;
If you would be truly moving,
Eagerly the point pursue:
Brisk and gay appear in wooing;
Pleasant be, if you wou'd please;
All this talking, and no doing,
Will not love, but hate, increase.

The Words & Musick by Mr. Carey

The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, treble clef, and G major. The lyrics are integrated into the music, with some words written above the staff and others below. The first two staves begin with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a common time signature. The third staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The fourth staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The fifth staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature. The sixth staff begins with a bass clef and a common time signature.

COME hither my Country's Squire, Take friendly Instructions from
me: The Lords shall admire, Thy Taste in Attire, The Ladies shall
Languish for thee: Such Flaunting, Gallanting, and Jaun-
ting, Such frolicking thou shalt see, Thou ne'er like a Clown shalt quit
London's sweet Town To live in thine own Country.

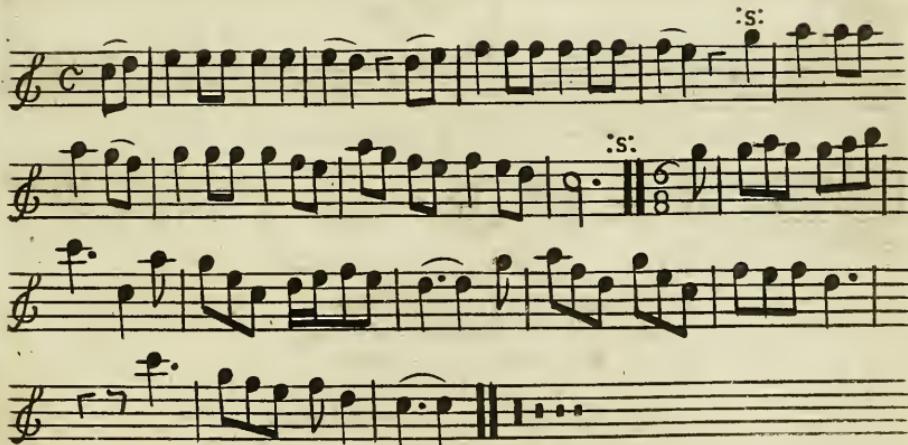
A Skimming-Dish Hat provide,
With little more brim than Lace;
Nine Hairs on a Side,
To a Pigs Tail ty'd,
will set off thy Jolly broad Face.
Such Flaunting, &c.

Go get thee a Footman's Frock,
 A Cudgel quite up to thy Nose,
 Then frizz like a Shock,
 And Plaister thy Block,
 And Buckle thy Shoes at the Toes.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

A brace of Ladies fair,
 To pleasure thee shall strive,
 In a Chaife and Pair,
 They shall take the Air,
 And thou in the Box shalt drive.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

Convert thy Acres to Cash,
 And saw thy Timber down,
 Who'd keep such Trash,
 And not cut a Flash,
 Or enjoy the Delights of the Town.
 Such Flaunting, &c.

F L U T E .



ADVICE to CELIA. Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Fie! CELIA, scorn the little Arts Which meaner Beauties
use, Who think they can't secure our Hearts, Unless they
still re-fuse: Are coy, and shy, will seem to frown, To
raise our Passions higher; But when the poor De-light is
known, It quickly palls Desire.

Come, let's not trifle Time away,
• Or stop you know not why;
Your Blushes and your Eyes betray
What Death you mean to die.
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
And Love no more be crost;
Ah. CELIA, when the Joys are known,
You'll curse the Minutes lost.

Set by Mr. WILSON.

Andante

To thee, Oh gentle Sleep, alone, Is owing all our
Peace; By thee, our Joys are heighten'd shown, By
thee our Sorrows cease.

The Nymph, whose hand, by Fraud or Force,
Some Tyrant has possest'd;
By thee, obtaining a Divorce,
In her own Choice is blest.

Oh stay, ARPASIA bids thee stay,
The sadly weeping Fair,
Conjures thee not to lose in Day,
The Object of her Care.

To grasp whose pleasing form she sought;
That Motion chas'd her sleep:
Thus, by our selves are oftenst wrought,
The Griefs for which we weep.

FLUTE.

Andante

DID ever Lover thus compel His Mistress to a-dore him, Was ever Lover
 arm'd so well, With Pistols cock'd before him; But you, perhaps, ne'er
 thought of Love, and only meant to plunder, So judg'd y^e surest way to move, Was
 to declare in Thunder, in Thunder, Was to declare in Thunder.

FLUTE.

To CLOE. Set by Mr. PURCELL.

WHAT is Power, what a Crown, If for them I quit thy
 Charms, What is Honour, or Renown, What's a Kingdom
 to thy Arms. Crowns, successive ills attending, Give e-
 ternal Care and Pain, In thy Arms Joys never ending
 There a lone let STREPHON Reign.

tr

FLUTE

FLORELLA. Set by Mr. WILSON.

WHY will FLORELLA, when I gaze, My r-----vish'd
 Eyes re-proves And chide them from the on-ly Face, They
 can behold with love. To shun your scorn, and ease my
 Care, I seek a Nymph more kind. And while I rove from
 Fair to Fair, Still gentler u--- sage find.
 But oh! how faint is ev'ry Joy,
 Where Nature has no part,
 New Beauties may my eyes employ,
 But you engage my Heart.
 So restless Exiles as they roam,
 Meet pity ev'ry where,
 But languish for their Native home,
 Tho' Death attends them there.

A Song by MR SAM'S

IN person so pretty in converse most witty, between Court and
 Citty, her equals are few, Genteel in Addresing, good Nature Pof-
 fessing, and what's more a Blessing to honour is true,

Grandeur dispising,
 By Philosophising,
 On the Evils arising,
 From such Splendid woe,
 In temper ever Easy,
 Her wit's not to teaze ye,
 But ever to Please ye,
 With Quelque chose Nouveaux.

FLUTE

The MAIDS Request Set by M'S AM'S.

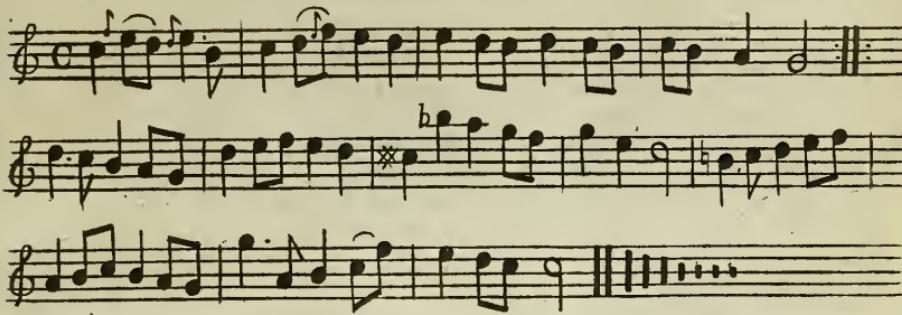
The musical score consists of six staves of handwritten notation on five-line staves. The notation uses various note heads (circles, squares, triangles) and rests, with some stems and bar lines. The lyrics are written below each staff:

- Wou'd Kind fate bestow a Lover He alone my Vows Should gain
- In whose Soul I might discover Nothing gaudy Nothing - Vain
- Virtue mix'd with constant Passion, in his honest breast should shine,
- Free from Pride and Ostentation Noble blamless and Devine,

Flowing Sence and manly Graces,
Should enrich his Soaring mind,
Still despising what e'er base is,
Ever faithfull ever kind,
Wisdom by discretion guided,
Ioynd to Judgment Sound and true,
From his Noble heart divided,
What's unworthy to pursue.

Always clearfull pleasant Airy,
Even temper'd soft and Gay,
Never falsly prone to vary,
Or from Reason's dictates Stray,
Nothing haughty base or Cruel,
Should his Spotless glory Stain,
Nought but honours Sacred fuel,
In my heroes breast shou'd reign.

FLUTE



CORYDON'S COMPLAINT to a SCOTCH AIR,

Four staves of musical notation for Voice and Flute, in common time. The first staff is for the Voice (Soprano), the second for the Flute, the third for the Voice (Alto), and the fourth for the Flute. The lyrics are as follows:

As Love-sick Co-ry-don beside A murmur-ring Riv'let lay, Thus plain'd
 He his Cof me lia's Pride, And, plaining, dy'd a...way, Fair
 Stream, said he, when e'er you pour Your Treasure in the Sea Tō
 Sea Nymphis tell what I endure Perhaps the'll pi...ty me,

And, sitting on the clifly Rocks,
 In melting Songs, express,
 While as they comb their golden Locks,
 To Trav'lers my Distress,
 Say Corydon, an honest Swain,
 The fair Cosmilia lov'd,
 While she, with undeserv'd Disdain,
 His constant Torture prov'd,

Ne'er Shepherd lov'd a Shepherdess,
 More faithfully than he,
 Ne'er Shepherd yet regarded less,
 Of Shepherdess cou'd be.
 How oft to Vallyes, and to Hills,
 Did He, alas! complain!
 How oft re-echo'd they his Ills,
 And seem'd to share his Pain!

How oft, on Banks of stately Trees,
 And on the tufted Greens,
 Ingrav'd he Tales of his Disease,
 And what his Soul sustains;
 Yet fruitless all his Sorrows prov'd,
 And fruitless all his Art!
 She scorn'd the more, the more he lov'd,
 And broke, at last, his Heart.

For the FLUTE



A Song, Set by Mr D-Fox.

CLOE my Dear when You're Nigh, I think my Soul his Heav'n in.
 View And wants but Liber-ty to fly, to Taste those Joys... Re...
 por'd in You Pardon me I..f I Speak too Free, but ' Tis with...
 Love in-Spir'd by The,

Oh that I might for Ever Gaze,
 On that Celestial form of Thine,
 And on that Sweet Enchanting face
 Which has Enslav'd this Heart of mine
 But that's a Term Which I no more
 Must use Since Tis within Your Pow'r:

Woud you but with Sincerily
 Repeat those words You've Spoke in Iest
 ThenMight I without Vanily
 Account my Self Compleatly Blest
 I ne'er woud Range but Rest each Night
 Within thy Arms in Sweet Delight:

The British Muses an ODE

As the Delian God, to fam'd Helicon, from Heaven's high
 Court Descended down, there the Tunefull Muses Playing he
 Found, a Sonata divinely rare, when Thalia touch't the
 Charming Flute, Errato Strook the warbling Lute, and
 CLIO'S treble Ioyning too't, made the Harmony Beyond
 Compare, then EUTERPE'S full Bass, the Sweet Comfort did

A handwritten musical score for a single voice part, likely a soprano or alto, consisting of six staves of music. The music is written in common time with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal line is accompanied by a basso continuo line at the bottom of each staff, indicated by a bass clef and a 'C' basso continuo symbol. The lyrics are written below the vocal line, describing scenes of divine inspiration and creation.

Raise, and with Pleasure each Sence alarm'd, er'y
Note was enjoy'd, er'y hand was employ'd with Sounds
Of Ioy the Flowry valleys rung, APOLLO gaz'd and
Silent was his tongue but when his dear CALLIOPE Sung,
Ah then the GOD was Charm'd.

The EXTREAMS A Song Set by MR SAM'S.

Slow

WHEN e'er I'm absent from my fair, ye Gods what Torments,

rend my Breast, I pine, I Languish and despair, nor ought can

Sooth my woes to rest; But soon as Gentle Cupid brings our

Arms to Twine, our Lips to Kiss, My Soul, trans Ported,

Plumes her wings, and flys...and flys...and flys to seats of

heav nly Blifs.

The Highland Laddie.

O My bonny bonny Highland Laddie, O my bonny bonny
 Highland Laddie, when I was Sick and Like to die, he
 Row'd me in his Highland Plaidy,

The Lawland Lads think they are fine;
 But O they're vain and idly gawdy!
 How much unlike that gracefu' Mien,
 And manly Looks of my Highland Laddie,
 O my bonny, &c.

If I were free at Will to chuse,
 To be the wealthiest Lawland Lady.
 I'd take young Donald without Trews,
 With Bonnet blew, and belte'd Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

The Brawest Beau in Borrowtoun,
 In a'his Airs, with Art made ready,
 Compair'd to him, he's but a Clown,
 He's finer far in's tartan Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty Hill with him I'll run,
 And leave my Lawland Kin and Dady,
 Frae Winter's Cauld, and Summers Sun,
 He'll screen me with his Highland Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

A painted Room, and silken Bed,
 May please a Lawland Laird and Lady,
 But I can kifs, and be as glad,
 Behind a Bush in's Highland Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

Few Compliments between us pafs,
 I'ca him my dear Highland Laddie,
 And he ca's me his Lawland Laſt,
 Syne rows me in beneath his Plaidy,
 O my bonny, &c.

Nae greater Joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his Love prove true and steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall end,
 While Heaven preserves my Highland Laddie,

O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie,
 When I was sick and like to die,
 He row'd me in his Highland Plaidy.

A Song Set by MR ABIEL WHICHELLO

WHAT is there in this foolish Life, for which we vainly hope,

That Mortal Wights can call their own, Riches are on a sudden flown,

And ev'n our Wives e'lope.

we cannot find that sought-for Stone,
 Nor yet Life's grand Elixir,
 Beauty is frail; and as for Fame,
 She's grown so slippery a Dame,
 No Soul on Earth can fix her,

Health is unwilling long to stay,
 And Quacks themselves grow sick;
 Honours but small Distinctions make,
 What Odds, when Footmen drink and rake,
 And Nobles run a-tick;

Some tell you, wise and virtuous Souls,
 Have th' only certain Good;
 But, spite of Philosophick Rules,
 Old Age and Croffes make us Fools,
 Temptations make us lewd,

Nay when thou feest the blushing Wine,
 Red sparkling in thy Hand,
 Thou'l't think, at least, this Liquor's mine,
 Though all the envious Powers combine,
 Yet this I dare command,

But all a thousand Things fall out,
 Betwixt the Lip and Cup,
 With Caution put the Glass about,
 The coming Pledge hangs still in doubt,
 Till you have drank it up.

But when delicious through the Throat,
 we feel the Stream run down,
 We've found the mighty Thing we sought,
 That's Ours indeed that that dear Draught,
 We justly call Our own.

A Song Set by Mr Sams

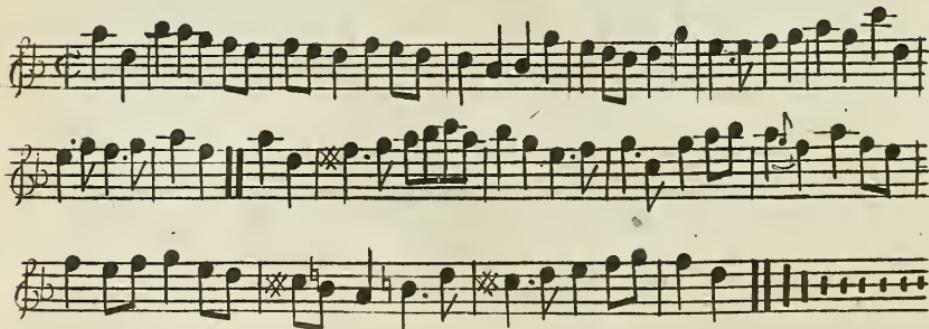
PHILLIS I can ne're Forgive it, nor, I think, Shall e're out live it,

Thus you treat me so Severly, who have always Lov'd Sincerely; Damon

You so fondly Cherish, whilst poor Talas, may perish; I that lov'd, which

He did never me you Slight and him you favour

For The FLUTE



A Touch on the Times . by MR H . CAREY .

A Merry Land by this Light we laugh at our own undoing And

labour with all our Might for Slavery and Ruin new

Factions we daily raise new Maxims were ever instilling and

him that to Day we praise To Morrows a Rogue and a Villain

2

The cunning Politician

Whose aim is to Gull the People

Begins his Cant of Sedition

With Folks have a Care of the Steeple

The Populace this alarms

They bluster they Bounce and they Vapour

The Nations up in Arms

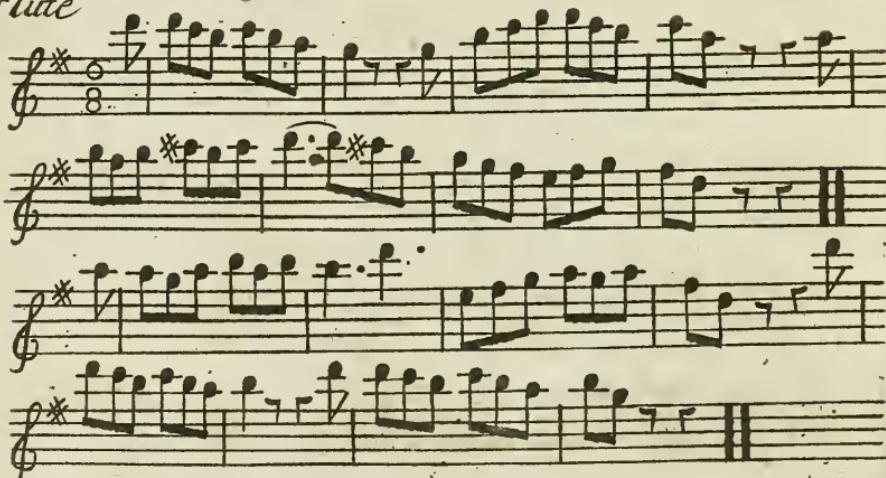
And the Devil begins to caper

The Statemen rail at each other,
 And tickle the Mob with a Story,
 They make a most damnable Pother,
 Of National Int'rest and Glory,
 Their Hearts they are Bitter 'tas Gall,
 Tho their Tongues are sweeter then Honey,
 They don't care a Figg for us all,
 But only to finger our Money.

If my Friend be an Honest Lad
 I never ask his Religion
 Distinctions make us all mad
 And ought to be had in Derifion
 They christen us **TORIES** and **WHIGS**
 When the best of 'em both is an Evil
 But we'll be no Party Prigs
 Let such Godfathers go to the D-1

Too long have they had their Ends
 In setting us one against t'other
 And sowing such strife among Friends
 That Brother hated Brother
 But we'll for the future be wise
 Grow sociable honest and Hearty
 We'll all their Arts despise
 And laugh at the Name of a Party

flute



145

Sung in the Comedy call'd THE WIFE OF BATH The Words by
MR. GAY.

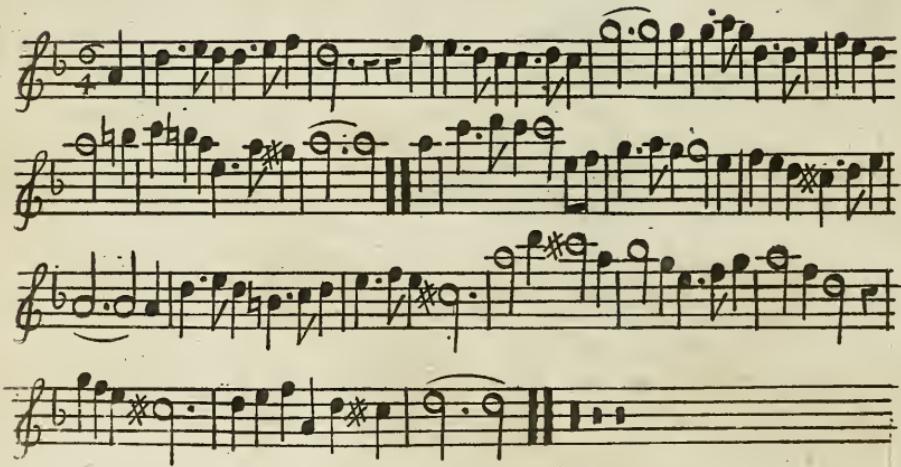
The musical score consists of six staves of music in common time, featuring two voices (treble and bass) and a continuo basso part. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, appearing below the notes where appropriate. The lyrics are:

There was an a Swain full fair, was tripping it over the
Grafs; And there he spy'd with her Nut-brown Hair A pretty tight
Country Lads Fair Damsel, says he, With an Air brisk and free, Come,
let us each o - ther know: She blush'd in his Face, And reply'd with
a Grace, Pray forbear, Sir, Pray forbear, Sir, No, no, no, no, no, no,
no, no, no, no, no, no,

The Lad being Bolder Grown
 Endeavour'd to Steal a Kifs
 She Cry'd Pish let me alone
 But held up her Nose for the Blifs
 And when he begun
 She woud never have done
 But unto his Lips she did grow
 Near smother'd to Death
 Affoon as shed Breath
 She Stammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come come says he pretty Maid
 Lets Walk to yon private Grove
CUPID always delights in the cooling Shade
 There I'll read thee a Lesson of Love:
 She mends her Pace
 And hastes to the Place
 But if her Lecture you'd Know
 Let a Bashful young Muse
 Plead the Maiden's Excuse
 And answser you No, no, no, no, &c.

FLUTE



A Hunting SONG by Mr. CAREY.

AWAY, away, we've Crown'd the Day, we've Crown'd the Day, a-

way, away, we've Crown'd the Day, The Hounds are waiting for their Prey.

The Huntsman's call invites ye all, the Huntsman's call invites ye all, Come

in, come in Boys, while you may, come in, come in Boys, while you may.

The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, the Rosie Morn,
The jolly Horn, the Rosie Morn, with Harmony of deep mouth'd Hounds.
These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys.
These, these my Boys, are Heavenly joys.
Come in, come in Boys, while you may, come in &c.

The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, the Husband's fee,
The Horn shall be the Husband's fee, and let him take it not in scorn.
The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
The Brave and Sage, in ev'ry Age,
Have not disdain'd to wear the Horn, have not &c.

